

*By Shore and Trail
in Stanley Park*



Robert Allison Flood

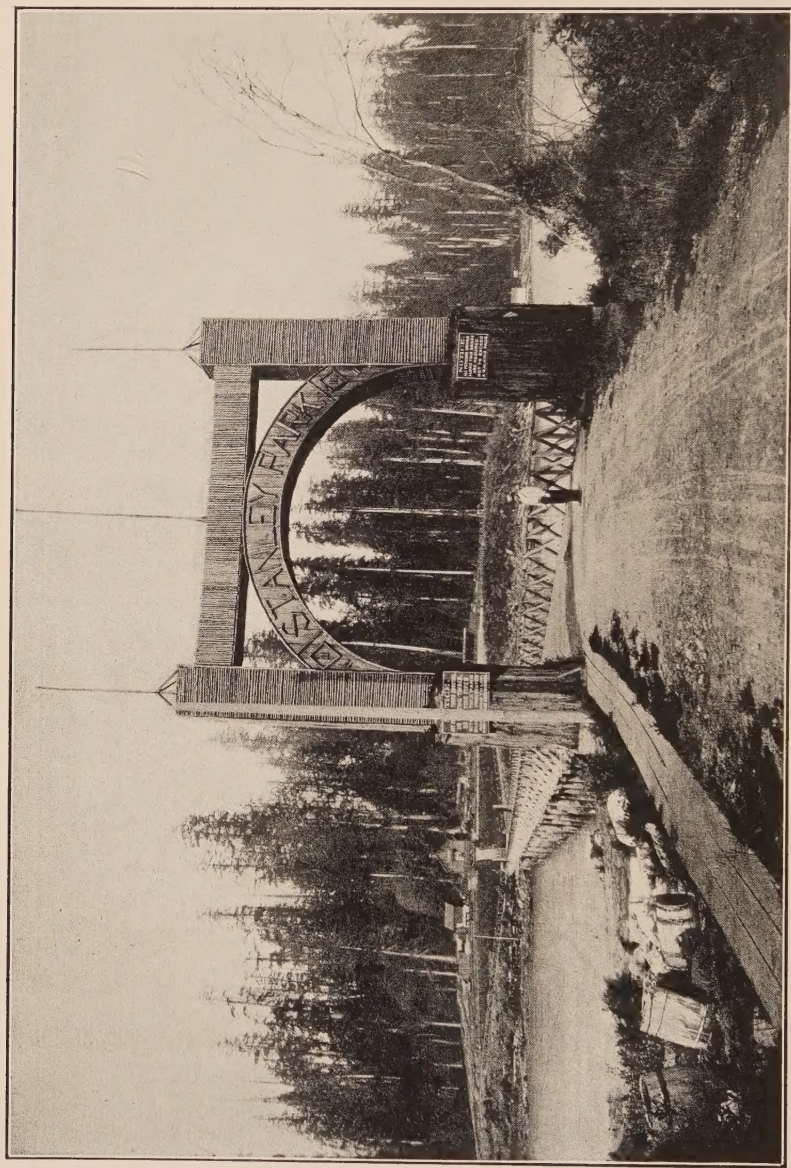
Dear Palen with love and
good wishes for Christmas
1929. George & Ethel &
family.



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By Shore *and* Trail
in Stanley Park





"The original entrance and the archway that was erected especially for the occasion" (the opening of Stanley Park).

from the photograph by Harry T. Devine.

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL *in* STANLEY PARK

*Legends and Reminiscences of Vancouver's
Beauty-spot and Region of Romance, with
Historical and Natural History Details*

By ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

Author of

"The Chivalry of Keith Leicester," "The Quest of Alistair," etc.



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INTRODUCTION

AS a lover of Stanley Park for nearly thirty years, it gives me much pleasure to write a few words by way of introducing this valuable book to the public. The Park is to me a place of memories. When I first saw it—in 1901—its beauties were shown to me by friends who drove a phaeton and pair along its unpaved trails. Automobiles, at that time, were not in vogue in Vancouver, and such mitigation of the roughness of those trails as then existed was afforded by raiding the immense deposits of shells—the “middens” that marked the repasts of aboriginal potlaches.

I wrote home of my impressions, “There is a solemn stillness in this woodland, and but few bird-voices. Only an occasional caw from a crow breaks the stillness, and you have the feeling that something is going to happen. You walk out a little way and gaze over the sea. Looking you see the avenues of the forest full of purple shadows and sun-gilded haze. There is a majesty about the scene that calms and exalts.”

Again and again I have renewed those early impressions of the fascinating charm of Stanley Park. It will therefore be understood with what deep interest I greet “By Shore and Trail in Stanley Park.” It is the most complete publication on the subject that has been

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issued, and there is no one better furnished for the task than Robert Allison Hood. As a recognized poet and litterateur he has won a place in the world of letters, and he has brought to this work an amount of diligence and judgment that is worthy of very sincere praise. It will, I feel sure, be treasured in many homes, both as a souvenir and as a book of reference. It will also take its place in the archives of British Columbia as of documentary value with regard to an area so full of historical and romantic interest as Stanley Park.

BERNARD MCEVOY.

FOREWORD

SOMETIMES as you walk the street
There are faces that you meet,—
Faces, beautiful and kind,
Mirroring the inner mind;
To behold them is a joy
Tempered with but one alloy,
That occasion does not lend
The luck for you to call them friend,
To study in them like a book,
And treasure every loving look.
Reader, when you've conned these pages,
The scribe will feel he is paid his wages
If they help you comprehend
Stanley Park, just like a friend;
Learn to know each cherished feature,
Work of art or gift of nature;
And to glimpse a gleam of glory
From the Red Man's ancient story.



"Past the end of Georgia Street
Where the park and city meet,"

—The Causeway.

from the photograph by Leonard Frank.



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"Straight before wide walks invite
To yon gardens of delight."

—The Causeway.

STANLEY PARK

STANLEY PARK was originally the Dominion Government Military Reserve but was handed over to the City of Vancouver in 1887, the year after the latter was granted incorporation. It has an area of about a thousand acres and is held by the City from the Minister of Militia and Defense on a ninety-nine year lease, renewable according to the terms of the Order-in-Council granting it.

The Park was formally opened by Governor Stanley from whom it takes its name, on 27th September, 1889. The accompanying photograph shows the original entry and the archway that was erected especially for the occasion. It was taken by Mr. Harry T. Devine, a son of John Devine, who was the first City Auditor and Secretary of the Committee of Arrangement for the day. Mr. E. G. Baynes, ex-Chairman of the Board of Park Commissioners and still a member, was one of those who took actual part in the construction of the archway and who was also present at the auspicious occasion of the formal opening of the Park.

The day was declared a holiday, a grand procession was formed on Powell Street, opposite the old City Hall. It was headed by the City Band in a waggon drawn by four fine horses, and members of the City Fire Brigade in full uniform followed in another waggon. In the first carriage rode Mayor

David Oppenheimer (a bronze bust of whom is to be seen at the English Bay entrance to the Park), Mayor John Grant, of Victoria, and two of the Aldermen. This was followed by vehicles of every description and there were many citizens on horseback or afoot.

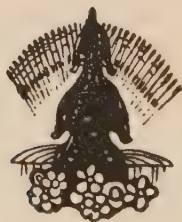
The procession headed through the main City streets, and then along Georgia Street to the new bridge at Coal Harbour, then up the recently completed Park road to the landing of the Capilano waterworks. Here a temporary platform had been erected for the official party and the distinguished guests. Among the latter was Sir Donald A. Smith, later Lord Strathcona. He had been asked by the City Council to choose a name for the Park, but had delegated this duty to Governor Stanley who called it after himself. Of the first Board of Park Commissioners only Mr. Hiram P. McCraney is now alive. He is still a resident of Vancouver, and has vivid recollections of the event. Altogether it was a great and historic occasion. While among those who took part in this opening ceremony, no doubt, there were many who could foresee great developments to come for this little tract of virgin forest, it is to be doubted whether any of them could vision a realization so harmonious and beautiful as that which the Park now presents today.

THE CAUSEWAY

AT the end of Georgia Street,
Here the Park and City meet;
Here in throngs when work is o'er,
From factory, office, shop and store,
With joyous step the people press
To feast their fill of happiness.
The varied scenes enchant the eyes—
Away behind the mountains rise,
Amethyst and purple-hued,
In majestic solitude;
At their feet, sturdy and straight,
Serried pines and cedars wait,
With their tapering spire-like forms,
Unbent by winter's winds and storms.
Coal Harbour gleams upon the right:
Its shimmering surface mirrors bright
The cloud-flecked azure of the sky.
Here the trim yachts at anchor lie;
Small boats and light mosquito craft
Cluster round the landing raft.

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

On the left the Lost Lagoon
Basks in the golden afternoon;
Here toy sloops with swelling sail
Glide gracefully before the gale,
Solicitous small-boys hovering near
Along the banks of willow. Here
Canoes, fair-freighted, gaily glide
Across the rippling surface wide.
Straight before wide walks invite
To yon gardens of delight
And the cloistral colonnades
Of the forest's leafy shades.
Pilgrim, leave your cares behind,
Peace and pleasure you will find
Past the end of Georgia Street,
Where the Park and City meet.



in STANLEY PARK



from the drawing by H. Hood.

“And above fleecy islets float,
Mysterious like some far Atlantis—”

—The Peep Through the Archway.

THE PEEP THROUGH THE ARCHWAY

LOOK back through the archway of granite,
Here the folk walk above
And the cars drive below;
Built of hewn blocks of mottled grey,
With rows of flowers about its base,
Geraniums, marigolds and dahlias,
In ranks like a regiment of soldiers,
But more brilliant and vari-coloured.
See that vista to the westward,

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

How it piques the imagination!
Out across the Lost Lagoon,
Then beyond to English Bay
And the shores of Vancouver Island.
When the setting sun crimsons the sky
The Lagoon gleams opalescent,
The sea's blue is tinged with ruby,
And above fleecy islets float,
Mysterious like some far Atlantis.
How it thrills the imagination,
This peep that you get through the archway!



THE BURNS STATUE

HIGH on the bank beside the Drive
The Ploughman Poet, in lonely state,
Watches the busy ships arrive
That enter through the Lions' Gate.

He hears the engine's whistle shrill,
The thunder of the laden train,
And sees a hundred vessels clear,
Full to the hatch with Prairie grain.

He sees the City's shining spires,
Its massive blocks that scale the skies,
And marks the sun's refulgent fires
Flame from their myriad window eyes.

In gala garb from day to day,
Tourists and townsfolk gaily pass
Below, while happy children play
About his feet across the grass.

When evening falls and 'neath the moon
Fond, blissful lovers motor by,

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

As, once they walked by banks o'Doon,
He views them with a kindly eye.

An alien land to him, maybe,
Yet if abroad he had to roam
And seek a place beyond the sea,
Here might his spirit feel at home.

For here's a land that's blithe and kind,
O'flowery brae and wimplin' burn,
An' merry bairns, for joy designed,
In which man was not "made to mourn."

There on his pedestal he stands,
Hapless in life, in death undying,
Whose songs will live in many lands,
Time and oblivion defying!



THE BURNS STATUE

THE statue of Robert Burns was erected by the efforts of the Vancouver Burns Fellowship and unveiled on August 25th, 1928, by Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, then Leader of the Labour Party of Great Britain, and now Prime Minister. It is a replica of the famous Ayr statue, by Mr. George Lawson, F.R.S.A. The pedestal is of native granite designed and executed by Messrs. Patterson and Chandler, Vancouver. Three bronze panels in bas-relief are set into the stone on three sides, with representations of Burns at the plough, Tam O'Shanter on his mare fleeing before the witches, and the family group in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." On the fourth side, the face of the pedestal, is a bronze plaque bearing the poet's name with the years of his birth and death.

Mr. MacDonald delivered a memorable address on the occasion of the unveiling, the following brief extract from which indicates the keynote:

"You today, in this far-away land, still seeing in your dreams the Hebrides; you, by whom it may be said:

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

When the flower is in the bud, and the life is in the tree,
The lark will sing me hame to my ain countrie;

you, out of the offerings of your hearts and out of the appropriateness of things, have erected in this public park of Vancouver this statue that you have done me the great honour of asking me to unveil. Every time you see it, every time you pass it, your heads will be lifted up; every time you behold it you will feel that bond which unites us all together wherever we may be—that bond which makes us Scotsmen and Scotswomen possessors of a great inheritance, not of wealth, but of pride; possessors of a great inheritance, not of material things, but of qualities; an inheritance which we have to guard because we cannot allow it to deteriorate; an inheritance which will last only in so far as we follow the great examples, the democratic thinkers, the beautiful singers, the men and women, who have kept fresh and green and alive the lyrical nature of our being, at the head of whom, the king of whom, the first of them all, is Robert Burns. Only in so far as you honour them and keep their memories green will you be worthy children and safe guardians of the inheritance that they have handed over to your keeping.”

THE QUEEN VICTORIA FOUNTAIN

ALL the children of the town
Put their pennies together
And raised this fountain
To Queen Victoria, the Good,
With hearts full of love and loyalty,
In the year Nineteen hundred and five.
Now they have grown up
And children of another generation
Play happily around it,
To whom the old Queen's name
Means little or nothing.
Yet who knows but what
The peace and security
And happy homes of innocence
Which they today enjoy
Are due, in part, to the influence
Exerted by this mighty sovereign
And most gracious lady
When she lived and reigned
Over this great Commonwealth of Nations.

BALLADE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES

WHEN kings made jaunt in olden days
Among the crowds the sick were brought
From far and near along the ways;
Nor, waiting hopeful, doubted aught
The kingly touch was somehow fraught
With healing balm for human ill.
Those days are past—but yet, I wot,
The Royal touch has virtue still!

With gallant mien and friendly phrase
You've met the crowds, at every spot
Along your route, that thronged the ways
With cheers and cries like folk distraught,
To show our hearty welcome—what
Was better yet, a pleasant thrill
To grasp your hand, for this we fought—
The Royal touch has virtue still!

So you have passed from place to place,
And pleased both young and old; and sought,
With kindly charm and princely grace,
To cheer the war-maimed veteran's lot,

in STANLEY PARK

And ease the ache that's ne'er forgot
Of hearts bereaved; or, with goodwill,
E'en danced with maids! Deny it not!
The Royal touch has virtue still!

ENVOY

Prince, a magician, you have wrought
A charm on all, both well and ill,
And sad hearts, cheered, acclaim the thought,
The Royal touch has virtue still!



THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE Prince of Wales has visited Vancouver several times, but this ballade was written for the occasion of his coming in the autumn of the year 1919, just after the close of the Great War, to which it is especially appropriate. The horrors and the sufferings of that catastrophe were still fresh, and all over the Empire the lands were full of mourning for loved ones lost.

On the 22nd of September, on a fine sunshiny morning, the Prince arrived and proceeded through streets lined with the populace to the Pavilion in Stanley Park. A massed choir of six hundred voices sang the National Anthem. The Seventy-Second Seaforth Highlanders formed the Guard of Honour. All branches of the service were represented, and in the ranks of the vetrans who marched in the parade there were many who bore the marks of wounds and mutilations they had suffered.

The Prince presented a large number of decorations and honours for valour. He also received and condoled with many who had lost their sons in the war. In the latter office he won all hearts by his gift of sympathy and understanding, grasping the mourners'

in STANLEY PARK

hands with both of his and making them to feel the warmth and friendliness of his interest and a certain real bond of kinship in their loss. Not only on that day in the Park, but everywhere he went, he was met with this invariable problem of applying balm to the suffering heart, and just as invariable was his unwearying response. Always, to a degree that was remarkable, he seemed to have the ready word of sympathy that brought comfort. So much so, indeed, that for the wounds of the spirit, if not for those of the body, it was shown that "the King's Touch," when charged by the spirit of Royal service set forth in the motto on the Plantagenet crest, has still a real and potent healing virtue.



DEADMAN'S ISLAND : ISLE OF DREAMS

DEAR Isle of Dreams! like emerald rare,
Hard by the harbour's entrance, there
You lie still dreaming of the past
Ere the big steamer's foghorn blast
Far echoes yet had startled; ere
Your temple pillars, fluted rare,
Had been laid low, your shrines laid bare
By axe of rude iconoclast,
Dear Isle of Dreams!

Still beauty haunts you. O may ne'er
The ruthless foot of Commerce dare
To touch your storied strand! Aghast,
Your legendary ghosts, outcast,
Would flee for aye, to our despair,
Dear Isle of Dreams!



from the photograph by the Dominion Photo Company.

"There on his pedestal he stands,
Hapless in life, in death undying."

—The Burns Statue.



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"So you have passed from place to place
And pleased both young and old;"

—Ballade for the Prince of Wales.

DEADMAN'S ISLAND: ISLE OF DREAMS

Deadman's Island was probably so named because in the early days it was used as a burying-ground by the squatters who settled on the shore near by. Of later years its south shore came to be lined with squatters' shacks, but some years ago these folk were all evicted. Certain private interests sought to obtain a lease of Deadman's Island for industrial purposes, but the City successfully fought them. It was in the course of this struggle that the fine trees on the island were cut down. Although the squatters are all gone from it, there are still some in the Park itself.

Long before there was such a place as Vancouver, large sailing ships used to come to Moodyville to load lumber for many lands, and would lie at anchor off the shore for as long as two months at a time. Those were the days of small things, when there were the two chief cities of Victoria and New Westminster, and until the year 1866, when the two Colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia were united, two separate seats of Government. The present site of Vancouver was but a piece of the forest.

The sailing ships were very largely manned by Portuguese and Mexicans, and certain of these were

attracted by the prospects of settlement on the wooded shores of what is now Stanley Park. It is thought that



from the drawing by H. Hood.

"add picturesqueness and a pleasing
touch of human association."

—Deadman's Island—Isle of Dreams.

the first man of them settled there before the year 1870, and it was not very long before he was joined by a certain Joseph Gonzales, known as Portugee Joe, and

another known as Portugee Smith. Descendants of these men and of certain other squatters are still living in the Park, in picturesque little homes, not far from Brockton Point.

Several years ago the City became concerned about the possibility of future trouble coming about through the presence there of these intruders. If they were to acquire title through long tenure, that is, through what is known as "squatters rights," the amenities of the Park, which is the citizens' chief pride, would be seriously jeopardised.

It was found that there were nine squatters who might raise such a claim. One of these was the daughter of a full-blooded Indian woman, known as Aunt Sally, and there were also her two neighbours, Miss Agnes Cummings and Mrs. Maggie West, daughters of James Cummings, who lived in their cottage near the Chehalis Monument, by the cut-off road. They traced their title to 1865, when a certain Joe Manion married the daughter of Dr. Johnson, an Indian medicine-man. The bride's father presented the young couple with a piece of his holding, on which they settled down beside him, building the little cottage which stands there today. In 1881, however, the Indian wife moved with other Indians to the headwaters of Howe Sound, and sold the property to James Cummings, who left it to his daughters. Miss Agnes Cummings was

born in the house, and several of the other squatters were also born in the Park.

The City of Vancouver brought action in the Supreme Court of the Province to dispossess eight of the squatters, and in April of 1923, Mr. Justice Murphy, the presiding judge, gave judgment against them. Seven of them carried the case to the British Columbia Court of Appeal, the eighth, Edward Cole, preferring to remain on as a tenant-at-will of the City at a nominal rental. The decision was given in March, 1924, and this time it was in favour of certain of the squatters. However, the City, together with the Dominion Government, which had been added as a party in the case, appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada. It was not until the year following that judgment was finally handed down in favour of the City and the Dominion, and the eight squatters lost their case.

In order to make good their claim they were required to establish possession of the property as of June 28th, 1863, a period of sixty years. The deciding factor was a map which had been prepared by Corporal George Turner, of the Royal Engineers, in March, 1863, upon instruction of Colonel W. G. Moody, who was in command of the company of Sappers and Miners which was such a potent influence in the building up of the Province. After the most careful search had been made for evidence in regard to the case, this



"Down on the water the ships pass by."
—A Bit of Old England.

from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.
(The Indian canoe in the foreground
shows the contrast between primitive and
modern transportation.)



"To sit on the grass and watch them play
The good old game in the good old way."

—A Bit of Old England.

from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

map was finally discovered in the Provincial Archives at Victoria. It recited that the draughtsman should show all occupations, huts and clearances. But one shack was shown, according to the trial judge, that of Aunt Sally. The City accordingly acknowledged the validity of Aunt Sally's claim, and her daughter, Mari-ah Kulkalem, became the acknowledged owner of the site of her mother's cottage.

"In respect of time and locality, as well as with regard to exclusiveness and continuity of possession, the evidence is indecisive and leaves the question undetermined," part of the judgment in regard to the other claims read. "Moreover, it discloses no acts of actual physical occupation amounting to real possession dating back to the prescribed period, nor is it possible thereby to circumscribe any clear and definite area held continuously for an uninterrupted space of sixty years."

The judgment gave the Crown the right to recovery of the premises and eviction and ejection of the tenants.

Of course, the City had no desire to expel these people from their homes, and they were allowed to remain on at a nominal rental of twelve dollars a year as tenants-at-will, the City as landlord undertaking to do the repairs. One of them, when the lease was presented for her signature, showed at once her ready

acquiescence in the new relationship when she enquired what would be the prospects of getting a new roof to her cottage.

As for the Aunt Sally property, private interests would have purchased this, but it was secured for a price of \$15,000 by Mr. W. G. Shelly, who was then on the Parks Board, and later turned over to the Dominion Government. It then automatically came under the lease of the Park held by the City.

Now these quaint little habitations are likely to remain for many years to come, occupied peacefully by the descendants of the original owners. With outlines softened by the mellowing hand of time, they harmonize delightfully with their setting and add picturesqueness and a pleasing touch of human association, which make them, far from being a detriment, a distinct acquisition to the Park.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS

PORTLY Mr. Buffalo and little Mrs. Kangaroo
Live side by side in Stanley Park;
But there ain't no friendly intercourse between
them two,

Which has really been the cause of some remark.
Although they're next-door neighbours they never
speak at all,

So 'tis said in Menagerie Row—
They declare that he is pompous and swollen up with
pride,
And that she's considered rather low.

It's true she's always hopping round, flopping with her
tail

In a very undignified way;
And her husband was a prize-fighter, quite beyond the
pale,

And they only came here the other day;
While he's of ancient family—they owned a lot of
land,

And they played the heavy swells long ago;

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

But now they've lost it all—that's why you'll see him
stand

By the fence for hours, his head hanging low.

Yes, he stands for hours together, meditatⁱn' I sup-
pose,

On the sadly altered fortunes of his race,
An' his straitened circumstances, an' the triumph of
his foes,

With a mighty mournful look on his face.
She says he's quite stuck-up, and a shabby, pompous
grouch—

But he's gentry, is Mr. Buffalo;
And why, she—she wears a sort of pouch,
Which is never, *never* done, don't you know!

Yes, she wears a sort of pouch, and she puts her babies
in it!

A sort of thing that ladies *never* do!
So, I don't blame Mr. Buffalo—not for a single
minute—

For cutting little Mrs. Kangaroo.
They ain't the kind to mix, he's a real aristocrat—
So 'tis said in Menagerie Row—
An' she's a mere newcomer, you can lay your mind to
that,

And is generally considered rather low.

A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND

THE cricketer lads at Brockton Point,
Lithe of limb and supple of joint,
Of a summer Saturday afternoon,
To many a one it's really a boon
To sit on the grass and watch them play
The good old game in the good old way.

Every week there's the selfsame crowd
Of kindly folk, neither haughty nor proud,
But genial and gentle and blithe and keen,
Each following the game with a sportsman's mien,
With many a cheer, and sometimes a groan,
Making each player's fortune his own.

Down on the water the ships pass by;
Behind, the mountains meet the sky;
There is naught to jar in the lovely scene
Where youth and mirth and sport convene;
And if you would join this gay companie,
Go round and they'll give you a cup of tea.

THE GUN

SEE me in my modest house
Resting quiet as a mouse—
Just one moment of the day
When I have my part to play—
Boom—nine o'clock!

In summertime at English Bay,
See the youngsters haste away
Home, whene'er from shore to shore
Reverberates my warning roar—
Boom—nine o'clock!

In winter, like the crack of doom,
Startling many a cosy room,
Little folks to bed are sent
At my loud arbitrament—
Boom—nine o'clock!

Mine the task to set the time
For the tall tower's silvery chime,
For the City's million clocks,
And all the ships about the docks—
Boom—nine o'clock!

in STANLEY PARK

In summer heat and winter snow,
Faithful, as seasons come and go,
While the dear town itself shall last,
Nightly I'll blow my signal blast—
Boom—nine o'clock!



from the drawing by H. Hood.

"See me in my modest house
Resting quiet as a mouse."

—The Gun.

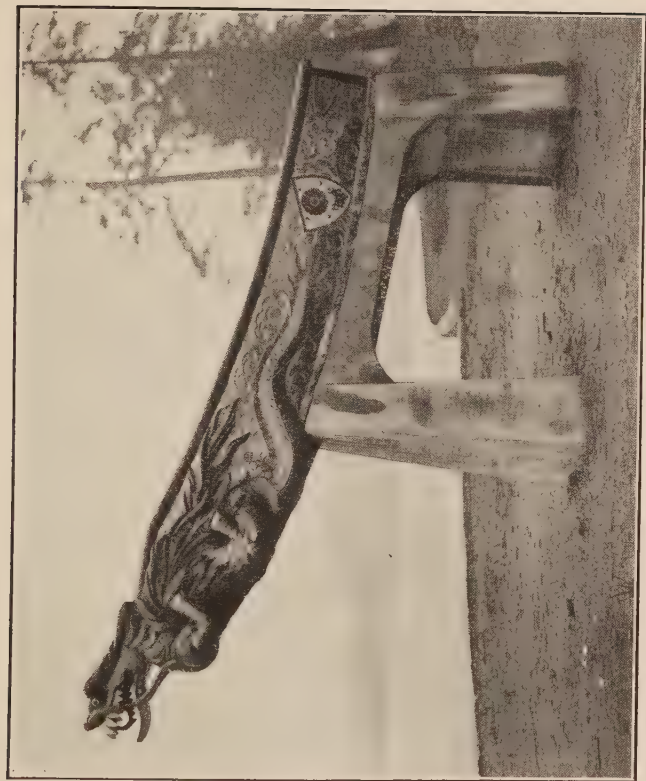
THE DRAGON

O VER thirty years ago,
On the bow of the *Empress of Japan*,
Proudly I entered this port,
The ship and I together,
Both in our youthful prime.

She was an empress, indeed!
Queen of the wide Pacific—
For near a third of a century
She made her way out and in
Of these Narrows with me at her prow.

“The White Empress” they called her—
She had graceful lines like a yacht,
To take the eye of a sailor;
And she saw Vancouver grow
From a little woods town to a city.

Now they have broken her up,
For her usefulness has gone;
But they’ve given me this honoured place,
Looking out over the Narrows,
To be a memorial for her.



from the photograph by the Dominion Photo Company.

"Fain would I breathe forth fire
As is the way of my species—"

—The Dragon.



from the photograph by Donald W. Gillingham.

"A curious sight it was to see
That quaintly-studded herons' tree."

—The Herons' Tree.

When I watch the greater Empresses
Sweep by, grand and majestic,
Fain would I breathe forth fire,
As is the way of my species,
And consume them from off the waters!

For I grieve for the days that are past
When we rode the waves in triumph,
Over thirty years ago—heigh-ho!
That ship and I together,
Both in our youthful prime.



THE DRAGON

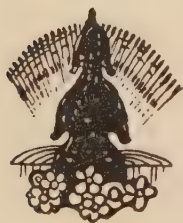
UNDERNEATH the dragon is a brass plate bearing the following inscription:

Figurehead of
S.S. "EMPRESS OF JAPAN,"
Which plied these waters thirty-one years,
1891 to 1922,
Carrying Vancouver's Commerce
to the Orient.

This carving, restored by
The Vancouver Daily Province,
Presented to the
Citizens of Vancouver
1928.

THE HERONS' TREE

ONE misses now the herons' tree—
Alas, they had to cut it down!
A curious sight it was to see
That quaintly-studded herons' tree,
Knotted with nests as it could be,
And crowded to its very crown.
One misses now the herons' tree—
Alas, they had to cut it down!



THE HERONS' TREE

THE photograph reproduced with this poem was taken by Mr. Donald W. Gillingham, to whom grateful acknowledgment is rendered for the use of it. It is, perhaps, the only representative picture we have, and was taken from an adjacent tree in 1923. It shows twenty-seven nests and eighty-one young. In June, 1920, Mr. Gillingham published an interesting account of the tree and its history in *Museum Notes*, the organ of the Art, Historical and Scientific Association of Vancouver, part of which runs as follows:

"The Stanley Park Heronry, one of the most familiar landmarks at Brockton Point, and famous the world over, has been removed. Gradually killed by the excrement of the young birds, the giant white spruce was found to be rotting at the base, so the Parks' Board ordered the tree felled at the end of January, 1927, on the principle that it was a menace to public safety. Its removal was not generally known until this summer.

"The Board was further influenced in its decision by the condition of the heronry itself. According to reports, the birds had been so harassed by eagles, which almost wiped out one season's brood, that some of them

abandoned the aerial village for a more hospitable shore, leaving the heronry with only half the usual number. This tragedy, combined with the fear of the birds being exterminated in the near future and the knowledge of the tree's decay, led the Board to pronounce the heronry's span of interest and value to the Park as over, so the old spruce came down.

"The only record we have of its history—the tree was one hundred and sixty-six years old—comes from Mr. Windrem, chief forester of Stanley Park, who started work in the Park in 1910. The spruce was alive then, though as white as chalk, and contained about the same number of nests. In 1922 there was still a little green noticeable at the tips of the lower boughs, but a year later, when the photograph here shown was taken, not a sign of life remained. It is possible that the herons had built there for thirty years.

"It would be gratifying to discover the birds establishing themselves somewhere else in the Park, but that seems to be beyond all hope, for already another spring has gone by and they have not turned up. The first spring they came back in full force, but, after viewing the ruins of their ancestral home, circled the Park and disappeared. No doubt the brooding urge has caused them to rebuild in some other part of the country, though a report of a new heronry anywhere has not been received."

The fostering and preservation of bird life in the Park is a problem that the Park authorities have had always with them, for if the eagles preyed so disastrously upon the herons, the crows have been a terror and a destruction to the smaller birds. Several years ago, in the Spring of 1922, an attempt was made to afford the latter a measure of protection by placing on the trees, in suitable spots, nests that the birds could make use of, and which the dread crows could not so readily ravish. The natural homes which the birds build are, of course, usually open on the top and lie exposed to the marauder. The crows have a special fancy for the eggs of the robin, although they do not confine themselves to them. To supply the birds with safer nests, with the co-operation of the School Board, the sympathetic aid of the school-boys was enlisted, and in their manual training classes nearly a hundred nests of different sizes and designs were made. The 5th of March was appointed as the day for the placing of the nests in the trees, and an enthusiastic company met together on the occasion at the Park. Besides boys and girls in hundreds, there were the School Superintendent, the School Trustees, the Park Superintendent, Commissioners and staff, as well as many others who were interested. Addresses were made and there was much enthusiasm.

The nests were there in large numbers, and were a

credit to the boys and to their manual instructors. Some of them were painted green, while others were of plain rustic structure covered with slabs of bark. They had removable bottoms, as it was the intention that each boy would know where his nest had been hung, and, before the following spring, would visit it and clean it out for a new tenant. Nests would be placed at various heights from the ground to suit the known tastes of the birds for which they were intended. Some of the houses were built with sloping roofs and a zinc coping. The wren, titmouse and chickadee require a floor space of only four inches square, while the woodpecker needs about six inches. For the blue birds an area of six inches was provided. In depth the boxes ranged from six inches for the wren to fifteen inches for the flicker and woodpecker. The wren likes its front door about one inch above the floor, while some of the larger birds like it from twelve to fifteen inches up. One small boy with a sense of humour had written above the little doorway of the nest he had made the inscription, "Please wipe your feet!"

Several years ago the Park Commissioners brought down a storm of protest by giving permission to the members of a local gun club to shoot crows in the Park in the early mornings. The newspapers were full of fiery letters from the champions of these sable-coated and raucous-throated songsters. After all, no

doubt, the crows have their picturesqueness. Has not Pauline Johnson written a poem about them in which she calls them "princely pirates of the skies"?

Perhaps they are not so black as they are painted. At any rate, apart from the crows, one is glad to note that conditions for the increase of the smaller birds in the Park are improving because of the greater cleared and grassy spaces that are open to them. May their numbers and their songs increase. The variety of species represented in the Park's feathered population would surprise even many of those who daily or weekly walk through its trails and enjoy its beauties.

There is the little English Sparrow, of course, which is getting to be numerous and quite at home around Vancouver. There are not many in the Park, although they are plentiful enough around its outskirts. The Western Chipping Sparrow, a lively little bird, stays all the summer and breeds here. The Golden-crowned Sparrow is seen in the spring and the fall, but breeds in the north, while the White-crowned variety is here every summer.

A few of the American Robins stay in the Park all winter and feed around the Zoo, and along the trails are to be found the Varied Thrush, commonly known as the Oregon Robin.

Perhaps our commonest bird in winter-time is the Oregon Junco or Snow Bird, and following him close

is the Western Winter Wren. Of this family there are also the Ruby Crowned Kinglet and the Marsh Wren, the latter being found mostly at Beaver Lake.

Beaver Lake is a favourite sanctuary for bird life. Here at times one may see the Slender-billed Nuthatch feeding on the willows. The Mallard Ducks, of course, and the Green-wing Teal, are here in large numbers. The Red-winged Blackbird breeds in the swamp at the upper end. Along the small stream that runs down "The Ravine" from the Lake to the Inlet, in severe weather, one may sometimes see that interesting bird the American Dipper or Water Ouzel. This bird is not common on the Coast, but is plentiful in the Rocky Mountains.

It is a common thing, in walking along the roads and the trails, to hear the woodpecker at work, and there are several varieties of this bird to be found. The largest of them all is the Pileated Woodpecker (Yaffle), a remarkable bird, about the size of the crow. It has a brilliant scarlet crest, black and white wings, and black body and tail. It is a tremendous worker, and one would think a woodchopper had been at work after this bird has got through with a rotten tree in which it was hunting for its dinner. The Red-shafted Flicker is our commonest woodpecker, and is a very lively bird with a sunny disposition. The Red-breasted

Sapsucker is also to be seen sometimes, but is rarer, and keeps to the deeper woods.

Of the Finch family the Purple one is to be seen in the small orchard near Coal Harbour, and the Gold Finch, commonly known as the Canary, is quite common. Usually about March the little Rufus Humming-bird arrives, and it is a delight to see him flitting from flower to flower in the gardens, or poised on wings that go so fast as to be almost invisible. This bird is very numerous and breeds in the Park.

A beautiful bird, quite numerous in the Park, is the Western Evening Grosbeck. It is of striking appearance, with its plumage of gold, chocolate and black. It pipes with a musical whistle, and has sprightly and graceful ways which are charming to watch. Another bird that is common in large flocks is the Pine Siskin, which feeds on the buds of the alder tree and on the pine cones.

Of the more predatory birds there are, of course, many varieties. Mention has already been made of the eagles that used to prey on the young herons. There are no bald eagles at present, but a pair have been seen in the Park. Perhaps the most destructive bird in the Park is the little Sharp-shinned Hawk or Blue Darter. It is only occasionally seen, but it is very active in its business and a veritable scourge to the smaller birds.

The Great Horned Owl is common enough, and

seems to frequent the woods near Siwash Rock. Seven were taken there on one occasion. The Kenicott, or Screech Owl, is a vicious little animal, and in the earlier days of the Park, when the aviary was a rather primitive affair, it was hard on the canaries and small birds. If it found one roosting near the wire it would snap its head off in a moment.

In the waters of English Bay, the Narrows, Coal Harbour and the Lost Lagoon, there are, of course, many seabirds and waterfowl in great variety. In Coal Harbour the Belted Kingfisher is a noisy and attractive winter visitor. Here, too, the Red-breasted Merganser is to be seen ducking and diving all winter. He looks like a mallard at a distance, but is to be distinguished by his saw-bill. Here, too, of course, the Seagull is always with us,—the Western Herring Gull and the California Gull, the common varieties.

In English Bay one may see the Common Loon (Great Northern Diver) and the Western Grebe and the Marbled Murrelet, the common little sea-pigeon, which is a great mark for gunners, but when shot has to be thrown away, as the flesh is too fishy and oily to be edible.

A heavy migration of shore birds passes over the Park in spring and fall, but few of them stop on the beaches.

Below is a fairly complete list of the other birds

which are to be found in the Park. The list, as well as the information on which this account is based, were supplied by Mr. W. S. Rawlings, Superintendent of the Park, and an enthusiastic student and lover of bird life.

Western Chickadee—Very plentiful.

Chestnut-backed Titmouse—Not quite so plentiful as the last mentioned, but still fairly common.

Least Bush-Tit—Occasionally a large troupe of these small birds, no bigger than your thumb, invade the Park.

Brown Creeper—Not common. Occasionally seen winding spirally up the trunks and branches of trees.

Townsend's Solitaire—Has a distinct white line round the eye, and is about the size of an English song thrush. Common all through the Rocky Mountains, but rare on the Coast.

Oregon Twohee—Found all over the Park; color, chestnut and black, white breast; usually seen in pairs.

Northwestern Fish Crow—This is the common robber that makes Stanley Park its happy hunting-ground (Stanley Park Crow).

Steller's Western Jay—Seen occasionally in the Park about Prospect Point. Rather shy.

Harre, or Hairy Woodpecker—Common resident of the Park.

in STANLEY PARK

Gairdner's or Downy Woodpecker—Common. These two last mentioned woodpeckers are only slight variations of the two varieties found all over Eastern Canada.

Rough-legged Buzzard—One pair in captivity in the Zoo.

Osprey—A fine specimen was seen fishing along the shore of the Park near Second Beach.

Ruffed Grouse—Becoming plentiful in the Park.

Wilson's Snipe—Can be found on the marsh at the head of the Lake in fall and spring.

Blue-bill Duck—Can be seen frequently along the edge of the Park, on the English Bay side.

Lesser Blue-bill Duck—Common on English Bay.

Barrow's Golden Eye Duck—Common at times.

Butter Ball Duck—Common in early spring.

Long-tailed Duck—Frequents the Narrows.

Surf or Siwash Duck—The commonest winter duck we have. Abundant all around the shores of Stanley Park.

Ruddy Duck—Common in Coal Harbour.

Clark's Grebe—Are very abundant and very interesting birds to watch.

Western Meadow Lark—As a rule can be seen here all the winter, but most of them winter south.

Western Bluebird—What more gentle reminder that spring is here than the note of the bluebird?

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

- Brewers' Blackbird—Common summer visitor.
Audubon's Warbler—Very abundant; arrives towards end of March, breeds here.
Horned Lark—Seen on Kitsilano Beach.
Pacific Yellow-throat—Often mistaken for a canary; quite common and a delightful songster.
Western Lark Sparrow—This bird was seen constantly during grading operations.
Violet Green Swallow—Seen occasionally; does not breed in the Park.
Bank Swallow—Breeds in holes in the sandbank at Second Beach.
Purple Martin—Summer visitor; breeds around the higher buildings in City.
Cedar Wax-wing or Cherry Bird—Very common.
Yellow Warbler—Summer resident; common.
McGillivray's Warbler—Breeds in the Park.
Black-throated Grey Warbler—Not common.
Pileolated Warbler—Fairly common.
Western Vireo—Breeds here; a sweet little singer.
Russet-backed Thrush—This is the bird that is heard at night during the summer; a sweet but not loud singer; very numerous in the Park.
Olive-sided Flycatcher—Not often seen; keeps to the tops of the trees.
Western Flycatcher—Our commonest flycatcher.

i n STANLEY PARK

The Louisiana Tanager—This is the most highly colored bird that comes in summer; head and neck bright red, wings and tail black, entire lower parts yellow; a beautiful bird, and breeds in the Park.

Western Night Hawk—Commonly known as the “goat-sucker;” comes very late in June, and only stays a short while.

Band-tailed Pigeon—Small flocks of these wild pigeons have been seen at Prospect Point.

Vaux Swift—This bird has been seen on several occasions.

Killdeer Plover—Is here every month in the year.

Virginia Rail—Breeds at the Lake.

American Coot or Mud-hen—A few can be seen here during the summer.

Buonaparte's Gull—One of the commonest gulls; here during spring and fall.



SURSUM CORDA

WEEP not," the Master said, "be of good cheer!"

But she of Nain could not her tears re-
voke

Until he laid His hand upon the bier

And, straightway, the dead boy sat up and spoke.

Quickened again the limbs once cold and stark,

Flushed with their wonted tender, youthful grace,
And the dear eyes, but now death-dewed and dark,
Lightened in love to meet his mother's face.

So, in that ancient time and old-world city,

This soul found solace, was made glad again,
When Jesus saw her grief and, touched with pity,
Stretched out His hand of healing for her pain.

No more, as then in Judah, walks the Lord

Among us, tho' on high He marks the mourning
Of mothers stricken. Yet, once the silver cord
Is cut, for the dead boy there's no returning:

He passes on. 'Tis like the lad who fares

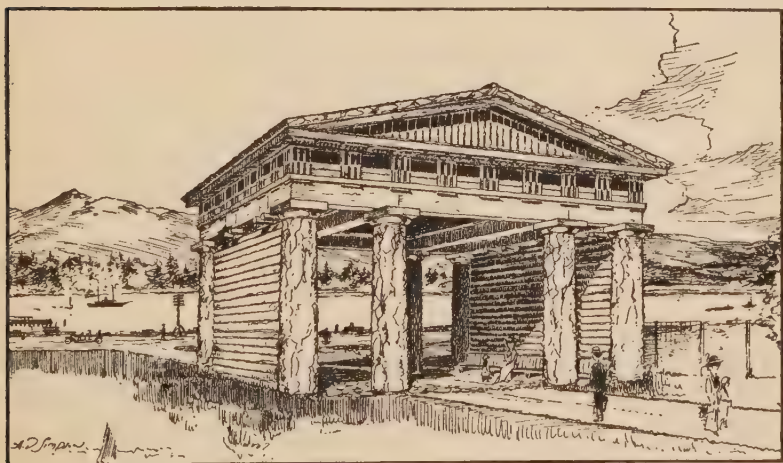
On a far journey to his parents' friend

in STANLEY PARK

As herald of their coming, and who bears
Their greetings, sure of welcome at the end.

His eager heart beats high to meet his host,
The new land's morning dawns upon his sight;
The loved ones left behind—brief space at most—
Will join him in the day that has no night.

So, stricken souls, take courage once again,
Dim not the dear one's memory with your tears;
Take Hope's bright balm to heal your present pain,
Knowing that Joy will crown the waiting years.



from the drawing by A. T. Simpson.

The Bowie Arch

"Dim not the dear one's memory with your tears."

—Sursum Corda.

SURSUM CORDA

THE Bowie Arch was erected on Hastings Street by the Lumberman's Association in honour of the visit of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught to Vancouver in 1912. It was later presented by the Association to the Parks Board and was set up where it now stands as the Lumberman's Arch. Later it was named the Bowie Arch after the architect who designed it, and now bears the following inscription:

THE BOWIE ARCH
Dedicated to the memory of
Capt. George P. Bowie
of the 5th Battalion Western Cavalry, who was
shot near Ypres on 7th July, 1915, sketching on duty.
He designed this arch and was formerly of
the Artists' (20th M X) Rifles.

The preceding poem is appropriate to the case of those whose sons, like the late Mr. Bowie, fell in the Great War.

THE TOTEM POLES

THE totem poles, a curious sight,
Stand, four together, in a row,
Wrought with a patience infinite,
By Indian carvers, long ago.

These birds and beasts, in semblance rude,
With variegated colours bright,
Although to us grotesque and crude,
Speak volumes to the erudite.

A tutelary herd divine,
The guardian spirits of their clan,
Each had its attributes benign,
The Bird, the Whale, the Wolf, the Man.

The Raven was the Source of Light.
The legend tells how, long ago,
O'er the whole world was always night,
And darkness brooded here below.

Men toiled in misery and pain,—
Each by his faint and flickering fire,—
And often wished they might obtain
A light that never would expire.

Lakabola and Wigiat

Had heard that, somewhere up on high,
Existed such a light as that,
Somewhere above their own black sky.

Two wise men of the tribe were they,
Endowed with powers of magic rare,
And, taking thought, without delay
Essayed the gallant quest to dare.

So, putting off their human form,
As ravens, they set out to fly,
Facing the darkness and the storm,
In sweeping spirals up on high.

Up from the cheery gleams below,
Which, as they rise, grow dim and small;
Up through the pitchy gloom they go,
Now cannot see the lights at all.

Up, up and up, until, behold!
In the great, vasty firmament
A rift appeared, oh joy untold,
In the black pall a tiny rent.

Still up, 'tis now an eye of light,
Guarded by tongues of living fire;
They seek to pass the opening bright,
But, quick as thought, its beams expire.



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"The totem poles, a curious sight—"

—The Totem Poles.



"They never saw the sunset sky—"
—The Totem Poles.

from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

i n STANLEY PARK

They hovered round in deep despair—
Blacker the blackness than before—
Until, once more, they saw it there,
Its cheering rays shine forth once more.

And now they found this rift of light,
This eye, was shown a winking eye,
Now shining forth, now closed up tight,
By measured periods in the sky.

Waiting their chance, singly, they passed
And found themselves in radiance bright—
Here was their vision proved at last,
Here was their world of glorious light!

But such as seemed to overwhelm
Their spirits with a panic fright!
Where in this white, resplendent realm,
Where could a raven hide from sight?

There was a well, a fountain clear,
Here winsome maidens came to draw—
They loved into its depths to peer,
Where each one her own image saw.

Thus while their leisure they beguiled,
And by the crystal flood reclined,
Their laden jars were, each one, piled
Upon the parapet behind.

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

The wise men saw their chance afar;
Two small pine needles they became;
And each one dropped into a jar
Like Forty Thieves of fable fame.

The owners bore the jars away—
Two sister maidens passing fair;
They little recked of those who lay
Within the vessels' contents there!

At last, when many moons had gone,
A miracle there came to pass!
Into this world of light was born
A son unto each sister lass.

And with the other children there
They played, as little children do,
With youthful zest and carefree air,
And yet each boy his mission knew

To win the secret of the light
And bear it to the earth below,
And make its darkest places bright,
And banish all its weary woe.

One day the two together hied
Within the old Chief's lodge to play,
And, in the corner there, they spied
A ball that shone as bright as day.

“Oh, let us play with it,” they cried.
The old Chief smiled, but said them nay.
They coaxed, and would not be denied
Until he let them have their way.

Yet still he warned them not to roll
The ball too far, but keep within
The limits of the corner pole,
Else then would trouble soon begin.

He sat him down before the fire;
At last they heard him loudly snore,
And knew he slept. Their hearts’ desire
Seemed now much nearer than before.

Swiftly the ball away they roll
Towards the opening in the sky,
Where tongues of fire play round the hole,—
The hole so like a winking eye.

Once more they dropped the human shape,
These wise men skilled in wondrous things,
And, slipping through, made their escape,
Bearing the ball on raven wings.

Bearing the ball, down, down they sink,
Down through the pitchy gloom they pass,
To land close by a river’s brink,
Down by the noble River Naas.

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

It was the Spring. Nearby they sight
The Indians fishing in the stream
By the faint, flickering beams of light
From burning rushes' sickly gleam.

There in the gloom, in hopeless way,
Their weary toil the fishers ply.
They knew not of the light of day,
They never saw the sunset sky.

The flushing glories of the dawn
Had never coaxed them from their bed,
Ushering in the gladsome morn
With golden sunshine overhead.

Sudden they heard a clarion call
Out of the darkness clear and high!
(The bearers of the golden ball,
They were the utterers of that cry).

"What is it ye most need?" the cry
That burst upon each fisher's ear,
And stayed insistent for reply.
Some mighty spirit hovered near!

With haste they gathered one and all,
On what to ask they soon agreed;
Again rang out the clarion call,
Once more, "What is it ye most need?"

i n STANLEY PARK

Out of the darkness clear and high,
Compelling all who heard to heed,
Their leader's voice made loud reply:
“ 'Tis light that is our greatest need!”

The Ravens took the crystal ball
And tossed it to them through the night.
Lo, it was shattered in the fall,
But from it burst a flood of light!

The largest piece became the Sun,
That shines on earth the livelong day;
When it sinks low, the second one,
The moon, sends down a silver ray.

Each tiny fragment made a star
To twinkle in the sky by night—
These were the gifts that from afar
The Ravens brought for man's delight.

This is the Legend of the Light—
But other tales the totems tell,
All patent to those erudite,
Who love the Indian lore full well.

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

The totem poles, a curious sight,
Stand, four together, in a row,
Wrought with a patience infinite,
By Indian carvers, long ago.

NOTE: Grateful acknowledgment is made to Dr. S. S. Osterhout and his excellently written account of the "Legend of the Light," in the Rev. John C. Goodfellow's "The Totem Poles in Stanley Park," published by the Art and Historical Association, upon which this metrical version is based.—R. A. H.



THE TOTEM POLES

IN Mr. Goodfellow's interesting booklet before referred to is described, besides the totem poles themselves, the efforts of the Association to place an Indian village in the Park and the investigations which they prosecuted in regard to the matter. They were unable to carry out the whole project for lack of funds, but they have made a good start in the acquisition of the totem poles and the war canoe.

It was the intention to reproduce as closely as possible a typical village of the Kwakiutl Indians, as these and the Haidas were the most outstanding and intelligent of the tribes on the Coast. Native builders, carvers and artists were to be employed, and every care was to be taken to secure scientific accuracy in the construction of the lodges and their furnishings.

The religion of totemism, which may be called the cult of guardian spirits—to use Professor Hill-Touts' definition—is a profound and intricate subject. It provides for certain clans or groups, each of them associated with some bird or beast or reptile which was its totem, or tutelary being, and formed its crest. Inter-

marriage within the group was forbidden. The young brave, after doing penance under the direction of the medicine-man, went forth into the forest to fast for days or weeks, or even years. In the condition of weakness that would result the mind became temporarily abnormal, or "psychic," and hallucinations would result. From some manifestation in these the youth's totem would be revealed to him. In other cases he would simply adopt as his totem the first bird, beast or reptile on which his eye would light after he had gone through a period of solitude and fasting. The spirit of this became his friend and his guardian, and there was a mystic bond of union between the two. There was also a bond of brotherhood between him and all who came under the same crest, and he was bound to afford assistance and succour to such clan-brothers. Thus was good-will, friendship and peace promoted among the tribes. Each was proud of the honour and reputation of his crest and was zealous to protect and foster it.

The totem pole was the heraldic emblem of the clan or of the individual. The carving of it was a specialised craft, and often was handed down from father to son. Much skill was shown in dovetailing the different parts of the design, every one of which had its significance. Sometimes as many as four men would work on the same pole, and it might take years to complete its construction.

In regard to those in Stanley Park the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow supplies the following excellent account in his book:

"The curious visitor to Stanley Park will naturally ask three questions regarding the poles:

"(a) What are they?

"(b) How were they brought to the Park?

"(c) What do they mean?

"In answering these questions we shall tell some interesting details about the poles; we shall note how modern methods made it possible to ship them a long way in a short time; and we shall help the enquirer to understand the meaning of the strange hieroglyphics on the totems.

"(a) First of all, then, what are they? Of the four poles to be seen in the Park the lesser two are house-posts; the remaining two are totems.

1. The main one stands between the two corner posts. It belonged to Chief Wakius. He lives at Alert Bay. He is an old man, having passed the allotted span. Wakius is blind now, and hardly able to walk. A great deal of the folk-lore of the Indians is locked up in the minds of such old chiefs. The younger generation is beginning to fail to carry on the legends which for so long have been handed down. But much has been preserved by travellers and missionaries, to whom we are indebted for the stories that throw a flood of light on the strange signs of the totems.

"2. The other totem belonged to one called Sisa-Kaulas. It was his mark. He lived formerly at Kingcombe Inlet, but is now resident at Alert Bay. Sisa-Kaulas is now an invalid, suffering from paralysis. He can hear with difficulty, but is unable to speak.

"3. Wakius is pronounced Wah-kis; accent on first syllable. The word means "good river" (i.e., a stream of property flowing towards him). The 'k' in Sisa-kaulas has a guttural sound. The interpretation of the word is, 'Everybody paddling towards him.'

"(b) The 'Why?' behind the erection of the totem poles in Stanley Park has already been told. The 'How?' may be briefly indicated. The former pole, Wakius, was purchased by the Art, Historical and Scientific Association of Vancouver. In making the purchase several individuals acted as agents for the Association. The pole cost the A.H.S. \$700.00*. The other totem was presented to the A.H.S. by Mr. W. C. Shelly, who long has identified himself with the Parks Board. The poles were shipped from their respective 'homes' to Vancouver, and erected in the Park as the first unit of the large scheme of an Indian village, already alluded to.

"(c) What do they mean? In deciphering the totems we shall start at the top and 'read' downwards. Starting at the top of the main totem, Wakius', between the two corner posts, one will notice a bird, a fish, an

* This money was raised by public subscription.

animal: then a man, another bird, and another animal. Reading down the other pole (which stands in front and a little to the right) one finds a bird, a man, a whale, a sea-otter, a sea-bear, and, at the bottom, a carved head. For convenience we will set these down in the order in which they occur:

“1. Wakius’ Totem.	2. Sisa-Kaulas’ Totem
(i) Bird	(i) Bird
(ii) Whale	(ii) Man
(iii) Wolf	(iii) Whale
(iv) Man	(iv) Sea-otter
(v) Bird	(v) Sea-bear
(vi) Animal	(vi) Carved head
(vii) Bird	
(viii) Entrance	

“Each sign is the centre of some legend. These legends may be history seen through primitive minds.

“1. WAKIUS’ TOTEM. The larger totem poles usually have seven crests:

“(i) The bird at the top of Wakius’ pole is the Thunderbird. It is a crest of the Raven Clan. On the breast of the Thunderbird will be noticed a human face. This refers to the belief that this mythological bird had human as well as superhuman qualities. It will be seen that a whale is held in the talons of the great bird. This is emblematic of victory. The Thun-

derbird was the enemy of the whale. The great bird triumphed over the great fish.

"The natural histories tell us nothing about the Thunderbird. The elements were obedient to its word. Did thunder fill the air? The bird was only flapping its wings. Did lightning dart across the sky? Thunderbird was winking. Did it rain furiously? Perhaps the bird was angry.

"(ii) The figures on the totem poles are often hard to distinguish, but the whale is easily identified. The second figure on Wakius' pole (reading downwards) is the whale. It is the fin-back, or killer whale. The whale was formerly supposed by Indians to be able to convert itself at will into a man. It plays a large part in Indian mythology. The whale represents the lordship of the sea.

"(iii) Immediately below the whale is the wolf. The wolf appears to have a man's head between its jaws. The wolf represents the genius of the land, just as the whale represents the lordship of the sea, and the eagle the kingdom of the air. The wolf would indicate that certain members of the wolf clan were among the ancestors of the Chief whose totem we are describing.

"(iv) According to Mr. George Hunt, a recognized authority, the figure below the wolf is Nenwaqawa; that is, Wisdom, or the wise one. At a potlatch on Turnour Island, in 1893, picking up a small model

of his totem, Wakius said, "This is the Walking Stick, and the root of my family; and now in this potlatch I am giving I have to turn it into the Speaker's Staff.' Hence the totem is known as Wakius' Talking Stick. The story of Wakius' great ancestor, Nenwaqawa, tells of how he and his sons outwitted the great Cannibal-at-the-North-end-of-the-World, who feasted himself at the expense of the tribe. The long legend is told by Mr. Hunt in the 35th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology (1913-14), Part 2, pp. 1222-1248.

"(v) Next comes a mythological bird known as the Hoh-hok. The likeness of the Hoh-hok was frequently used in the huge masks worn on ceremonial occasions, or at cannibal dances, by the Indians of Rivers Inlet, and by the Kwakiutl Indians of Alert Bay and Cape Mudge.

"(vi) The bird rests on the bear. In carvings of the bear the Indians usually represent the ears. The bears seen on the corner-posts on either side are typical. Note the fan-shaped ears, the tusks, and the 'snout.' The faces on the paws indicate how powerful the bear is. Members of the bear family married into Nenwaqawa's family.

"(vii) To see the next figure as it will appear when completed reference must be made to the photograph showing Wakius' Totem in its original setting. At

present only the eyes suggest the great Raven, which figures so prominently in the original setting. The beak and the background will be seen in the accompanying illustration.

"The Raven was the great Creator God among the Indians of B.C. The Raven was the source of light and life.

"(viii) The entrance to the Chief's house (or lodge) was through the throat of the Raven. The entrance is about five feet in height. (Note the piece of natural bent wood, inserted to give strength to the pole at its weakest point. Also timbers at the rear for the same purpose.)

2. SISA-KAULAS. The story of this totem was supplied by Mrs. Jane Cook, of Alert Bay. It tells of the Chief's great ancestor, See-wid.

See-wid was a delicate boy. His father was disappointed in him: he had hoped that the son would be the glory of the family. One night a young brave saved the tribe from destruction at the hands of their enemies. This only made the father more ill-disposed towards his son See-wid. One day See-wid walked off into the woods. He walked and walked, not caring what became of him. At length he sat down by a pool. Looking into the glassy waters he pondered long. He brooded over his misfortunes. Presently the waters became troubled and began to rise. See-wid did not move. A great frog appears in the water. 'Do you

want to come with me?' the frog inquired. See-wid answered that he was willing to go, and placed himself on the back of the frog. The frog went down, down, down, till it touched bottom. The unhappy boy forgot his miseries, for at the bottom of the sea the Spirit of the deep gave him permission to use for crests the animals he had seen at the bottom of the sea; hence the sea-bear, sea-otter, and the whale. When, after a long time, See-wid appeared on the earth again, he had strange trials to pass through before he could resume the life of an ordinary mortal. But when these trials were over the father rejoiced in the son, who became great and powerful.

"(i) Sisa-Kaulas' totem stands in front (and a little to the right) of Wakius'. It is a fine specimen of native work, though less imposing than Wakius'. The crest at the top is a bird closely related to the bird at the top of Wakius' totem. The bird, with folded wings, is Kolus, the sister to the Thunderbird.

"(ii) The man represents one of the ancestors of Sisa-Kaulas. The child in the man's embrace indicates that the Chief had a son, who also (in his turn) became a Chief.

"(iii) The feet of the man are resting on the turned-back tail of the killer whale. The 'flippers' are painted on the sides. On the back of the whale is painted a small human face.

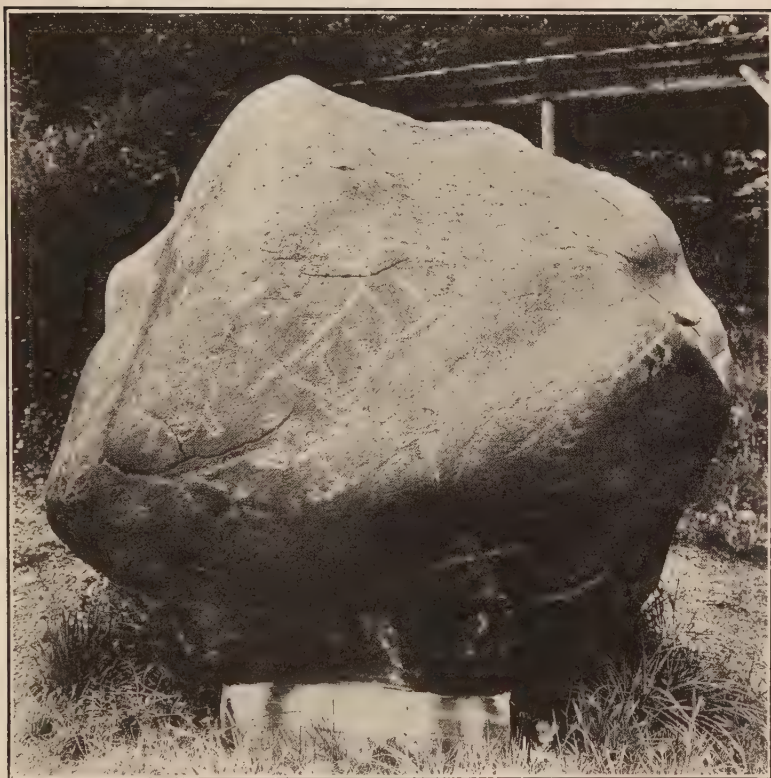
“(iv) The sea-otter is shown devouring a sea-urchin, or sea-egg. Note the holes for the spikes of the sea-egg. These spikes will afterwards be inserted, and will correspond with those shown in the photograph of the totem in its original setting. Note also the tail of the sea-otter: it is turned up between the hind legs, and appears in front of the lower part of the body.

“(v) The sea-bear is a mythological animal. (Note the ears on the sides.) It was supposed to be able to live in the sea and to penetrate the interior of the earth.

“(vi) The carved head at the bottom is a mark of defiance or of triumph. That figure tells of one who spoke evil of the Chief. But the Chief got the best of the argument. The rival is crushed. (Note the wide-open mouth.)

“3. HOUSE POSTS. The corner post on the left, as well as the one on the right, is surmounted by the Thunderbird. In both cases the bird rests on a grizzly bear. Each bear is embracing a man. The grizzly bears were devourers of human flesh. The grizzly was the one bear dreaded by the Indians. The grizzly was usually avoided, even by the best and bravest of Indian hunters. The bear is typical of strength, which indicates power, which indicates authority. Authority becomes a Chief.

“Looking over the poles again it will be seen that the carvings represent much history, mythological,



from the photograph by Harlan I. Smith.

"With pictured writings from another day
Upon its rough, hard surface quaintly wrought."

—The Shelly Stone.



"Across the face of English Bay
The vessels take their peaceful way."
—Prospect Point.

from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

i n STANLEY PARK

personal, family and tribal. It is impossible for us today to translate all the Indian hieroglyphics into English. Much of it the Indians themselves do not understand. But enough has been written to indicate that the totems are full of meaning. Much of that meaning is lost forever. Much may yet be preserved by patient, persevering, persistent, sympathetic study.



THE INDIAN WAR CANOE

ONCE a poet wrote of what
The *Beaver* said to the *Empress*
When the jaunty paddle-wheeler—
That historic little craft—

First saw the great white liner
Loom up in English Bay.
Now it is for me to tell
What the Indian war canoe,
That lies by the totem poles,
Said to the mighty *Hood*
When, led by aeroplanes and launches,
That leviathan of war vessels
Swept in all its pride and majesty
Through the Narrows into the harbour.
Alas, the old canoe was speechless—
The torrential flow of eloquence
With which it used to taunt its enemies
Forsook its lips completely.
It uttered the one word of Chinook
That is known to the present chronicler—
Spoke it thrice in tones of wonder:
“Skookum, skookum, skookum!”

THE INDIAN WAR CANOE

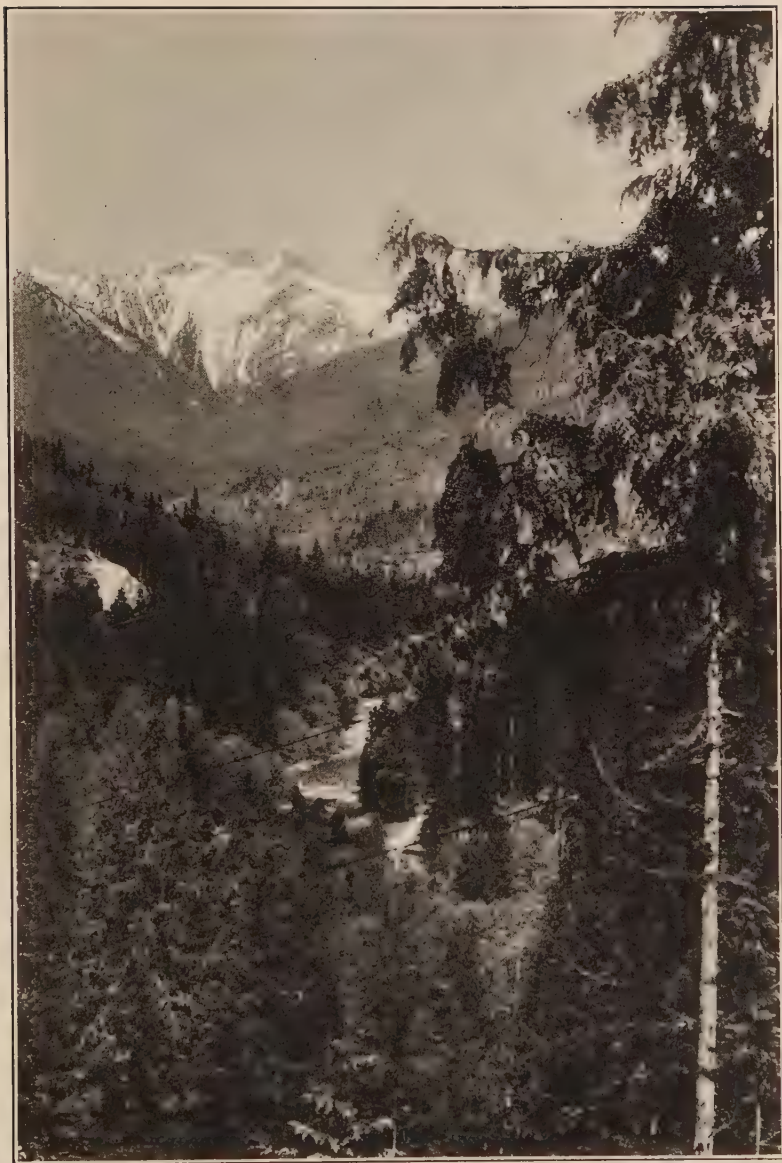
THE Indian war canoe was presented to the Art, Historical and Scientific Association by Mrs. Jackson, who lives about eighty miles from Vancouver, near the banks of the Harrison River, which runs from Harrison Lake into the Fraser. She had it propped up on a scaffolding in a barn, where it had been stored for shelter for sixteen years. It was believed to have been out of the water for nearly forty years, and no one could tell whether it would be leaking or not. So the President of the Association and three other members, who formed the adventurous party which undertook to navigate the canoe down to the Park, had some misgivings as they thought of the treacherous currents of the Fraser and all the other perils they might have to encounter.

However, the canoe was no flimsy shallop of sawn boards such as men sail in today, but was a substantial sea-going canoe of the Nootka type dug out of a single cedar log. It had belonged to the Kwakiutl Indians. With much care and considerable difficulty it was launched on the Harrison River and was found to be as watertight as on the day it had been taken

out of the water nigh forty years back. Moreover, it was thirty-five feet long, with a big beak at the prow to proclaim its warlike purpose, and the crew were somewhat reassured when they saw it afloat in its proper element. A small sail was rigged up, and with one man to manage this, two at the oars and one to steer, the voyage, which took four days, was begun and finished in safety. Presumably it was the last that the old canoe will make.

The pioneer steamer *Beaver* alluded to in the preceding poem, is mentioned elsewhere in these pages. The H.M.S. *Hood*, also referred to there, is the largest battleship in the British fleet, and visited Vancouver on her voyage around the world, when almost the whole of Vancouver turned out to see her enter the Narrows.

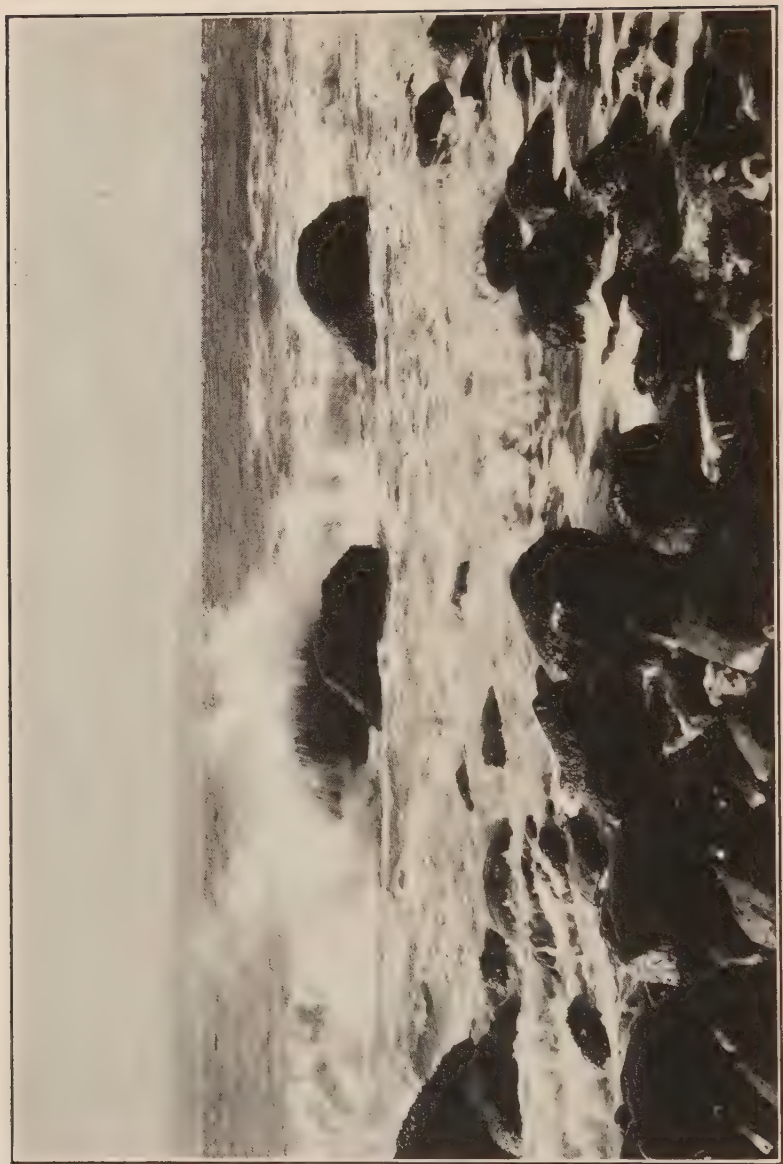




from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"Beyond upon the other side
The Capilano's waters glide . . .
Peacefully down to meet the sea."

—Prospect Point.



"Point Grey—
The southern boundary of the Bay
Like giant serpent there extending,"
Prospect Point

from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

THE SHELLY STONE

SEE this great stone that at much pains was
brought
Hence from the river-bank by which it lay,
With pictured writings from another day
Upon its rough, hard surface quaintly wrought.
Little the long-dead carvers could have thought
That it would lie thus by the travelled way
For folk to stare at! Savants cannot say
Whether its markings may mean much or aught.

But legend tells that maidens of the tribe
In tender youth's fair flush were put apart
For spell of solitude and vigil lone:
'Twas then deft little fingers would inscribe
Their fond imaginings with laboured art,
Naive, pathetic now, upon this stone.

THE SHELLY STONE

JUST by the totem poles is the huge petroglyph, sixteen feet or more in circumference, with its elaborately marked surface, which was procured for the Park by the public-spiritedness of the Hon. W. C. Shelly. This stone was found away in the North, half way between Lone Cabin Creek and Big Bar, on the east bank of the Fraser River, and about fifty miles north of Lough Raymond Station, on the Pacific Great Eastern Railway. It was at a place called Crow's Bar, once a centre of excitement during the time of the gold rush of 1870. Its curious pictured writings are hard to decipher, but as far as they may be construed would appear to be descriptive of a journey to the sea. When they date back to it is impossible to say.

The stone was procured with great difficulty and at considerable expense, and for the first part of its journey to the Park it was necessary to construct a raft twenty-eight feet square to float it down the Fraser River.

In the preceding sonnet reference is made to the girls of the tribe, who in their period of separation and vigil carved their "fond imaginings" on the stone.

i n STANLEY PARK

It might just as well have been the young men who, also, as has been noted in referring to totemism and the totem poles, had their time of fasting and trial resulting in visions and ecstasies. For poetic purposes, however, and within the narrow compass of the sonnet, it seemed more practical and more effective to refer only to the girls. The instrument which was used in the process of the carving was simply a sharp stone.



THE RESERVOIR

JUPITER'S bathtub, have you seen it?
Just a fringe of firs to screen it;
Naught above but just the sky,
So he never comes down when folk are by;
But when he does he makes a dash
And leaps right in with an awful splash!
Thus if it's wet all around the path
You'll know that Jove's just had his bath.



PROSPECT POINT

AT Prospect Point, upon the height,
The view is best by morning light:
The sea takes on a softer hue,
The mountains wear their brightest blue,
And all the air is fresh and fine
With scent of cedar and of pine.

Across the face of English Bay
The vessels take their peaceful way,
Leaving behind a faint blue trace
Upon the water's mirror face:
North and South and Westward Ho,
Here from on high I watch them go.

The tide is slack, and there a tug
Steams toiling home, her faint chug-chug
With measured throb comes from below.
A goodly boom she has in tow,
Of mighty logs from distant hills,
To feed the City's Moloch mills.

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

A "tanker" through the Narrows glides,
Rust on her weatherbeaten sides.
Her crew about the decks move round,
And from her vitals comes the sound
Of hissing steam, while hammering clanks
Rise muffled from within her tanks.

The seabirds, that from yonder dock
Have followed in a restless flock,
Now swoop and wheel about her wake
To snatch whatever they can take
Of meat the cook throws overboard,
Fair feeding for their hungry horde.

Beyond, upon the other side,
The Capilano's waters glide,
Turbulent tho' at times they be,
Peacefully down to meet the sea,
And there the railroad threads its way
To skirt the shore of English Bay.

Along that shore, a gladsome sight,
Lies many a pleasant hamlet, bright
With cottages of brilliant hue
And grassy lawns half hid from view
By darker green of shrub and tree,
Hugging the contour of the sea.

i n STANLEY PARK

And far above, in darkest green,
Hollyburn's piny ridge is seen;
And then beyond, but farther out,
The giant mountains stand about—
Their paler peaks aspiring rise
To match the azure of the skies.

Up from the hangars on Point Grey—
The southern boundary of the Bay
Like giant serpent there extending—
A seaplane silently ascending
Flits like a swallow through the blue,
Then swiftly passes out of view.

There from my place with pleasant thrill
I watch the moving scene at will—
See tars, and gulls, and tug and tow
And all the rest go to and fro.
So God looks down with loving eye
On all His creatures from on high.

PROSPECT POINT

ON Prospect Point there stands one of those cairns which are now to be found in many places throughout Canada to mark spots that are sacred because of past association. This one bears the following inscription:

HISTORIC SITES AND MONUMENTS

BOARD OF CANADA

PROSPECT POINT

Here on 26th July, 1888, the steamer "*Beaver*" was wrecked.

This historic vessel was built for the Hudson's Bay Company at Blackwall, England, in 1835, sailed for this coast immediately and was the pioneer steamship of the Pacific Ocean.

The story of the "*Beaver*" is the story of the early development of the Western Coast of Canada.



from the painting by John Innes.

"When the banner of Spain was still far-flung,"
—Captain Vancouver in English Bay.
("Captain Vancouver's meeting with the Spaniards
off Point Grey")



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

“High o’er Siwash Rock
As you look out to the Westward—”
—The Pulpit.

CAPTAIN VANCOUVER IN ENGLISH BAY

LONG ago when the world was young,
When the banner of Spain was still far-flung

Over these western regions wide
That lie by the blue Pacific's tide,

There, on his way to Nootka Sound,
Captain Vancouver sailed around

The promontory he named Point Grey
And dropped his anchors in English Bay.

As he gazed about at the tree-clad coast
Little he thought it would one day boast

As fair a city as earth could claim,
To be called for ever by his own name.

He stayed a brief space and explored around,
Then hied him away to Nootka Sound

To meet the Spaniard, Quadra, there
(That admiral courteous and debonair),

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

In terms of the treaty, as he was bid,
Made between London and old Madrid.

When this was done he must still fare forth
To search the waterways farther North;

And many a cape and many a bay
He named for his friends who were far away;

But never a one for himself, for he
Was simple and modest as man could be.

But a later age has honoured his name
In a way that will lend it lasting fame,

And we like to think of that seaman brave
Who dared the perils of wind and wave

In his little ships (for the larger one
Had a burden of scant four hundred ton)

And helped discover these regions wide
The lie by the blue Pacific's tide,

Long ago when the world was young,
When the banner of Spain was still far-flung.

CAPTAIN VANCOUVER IN ENGLISH BAY

LOOKING out over the scene from Prospect Point there is a certain interest in going back in thought to the summer of the year 1792, to consider what any Indian watcher might have seen and wondered at. Then it was that Captain Vancouver, on his way to Nootka Sound to meet the Spanish Admiral Quadra, in accordance with the terms of the recent treaty entered into with Spain, sailed into English Bay with his two ships, the *Discovery* (340 tons) and the *Chatham* (135 tons), and discovered the inlet on which was to be founded the great city that was to bear his name. This inlet he called after Sir Harry Burrard. The headland at the south entrance to the English Bay he called Point Grey—"in compliment to my friend Captain George Grey of the Navy," and Point Roberts, on the south of that, "after my esteemed friend and predecessor in the *Discovery*."

To make his examinations, with his ships lying at anchor, he took to a small boat. The Fraser River opens out into the Gulf of Georgia between Point Roberts and Point Grey, and as he crossed over from one to the other the force of the current and the wide sand-

banks of the delta forced his little craft far out into the Gulf. It was noticed, too, that there was an expanse of low, flat land extending a considerable distance back from the shore, yet the great navigator failed to discover this famous river. The observation was made, however, that the water "nearly half over the Gulph, and accompanied by a rapid tide, was nearly colourless, which gave us some reason to suppose that the northern branch of the Sound might possibly be discovered to terminate in a river of considerable extent."

Weighing anchor again, Vancouver sailed out of the Bay and skirted the western shore of the Gulf of Georgia, discovering and exploring the inlet, which he named after Sir John Jervis. Then he returned to Point Grey, intending to land there and take breakfast ashore. Here, however, as he entered the Bay, he met two small Spanish vessels, the *Sutil* and *Mexicana*, under the command of Don Dionisia Galiano and Don Cayetano Valdez. They also were there on a voyage of exploration, to make a more complete survey of what already had been discovered by Spanish commanders in former years. Captain Vancouver confesses in his Journal to a certain chagrin when he discovered that he was not the first in these waters. "I experienced no small degree of mortification," he says, "in finding that the external shores of the Gulph had



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"Past Second and Third Beaches."
—The Pulpit.



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"Stranger, reverently pause
By this monument of stone."

—The Pauline Johnson Monument.

been visited, and already examined a few miles beyond where my researches during the excursion had extended."

"Here on that summer morning," to quote from E. O. S. Scholefield's "British Columbia," chance caused the two exploring expeditions to meet. In a manner it may be described as an historic occasion, for the one signified the rise of a new power, and the other marked the close of Spanish effort on the Northwest Coast." It is pleasant to remember that in all the negotiations which were to follow the Spaniards treated Vancouver and his company with the utmost courtesy, and that there was the greatest of kindliness and cordiality existing between the men of the two nationalities.



THE PULPIT

THERE was a preacher on sick holiday,
And someone had told him
About a place in Stanley Park
That was called "The Pulpit."
One bright Sabbath morning
He was feeling careworn and wretched:
For the moment life had lost its savour,
And, like the prophet in the wilderness,
He felt that all his strength had gone,
As if God had deserted him.
In the midst of his depression
He said, "I'll go and see it,
This place they call 'The Pulpit,'
Just out of curiosity."
So he girded up his loins
And trudged away wearily,
Out past the bowling green,
Past the Children's Playground,
Past Second and Third Beaches,
Till, at last, he reached "The Pulpit"
That stands high o'er Siwash Rock
As you look out to the Westward.

The trees breathed out a fragrance
Salted with the tang of seaweed.
He gazed around and he smiled,
And he said, "Here am I on Sunday morning
In the pulpit, but with none to preach to."
Then he looked down at the sea
Scintillating in the sunlight,
And, behold, right below him,
Behind Siwash Rock,
Like a whole congregation,
Were hundreds and hundreds of ducks
Resting buoyant there upon the water,
All a-quiver with life and happiness.
It made his heart glad to look at them.
The evil spirit straightway departed
And, like a garment, peace enveloped him.
He said, "'Tis they that preach the sermon,
And 'tis I who learn its message,
In the wonder of God's creation,
To find my faith revived!"
So he girded up his loins
And trudged away happily
Past Third and Second Beaches,
Past, again, the Children's Playground
With its groups of merry youngsters,
Out past the bowling green
To his lodging in the City.

THE PULPIT

DOWN below the Pulpit and standing sentinel-like above the sea is Siwash Rock, the subject of an Indian legend which has been most beautifully told by Pauline Johnson. According to this legend the Rock was placed there by the Sagalie Tyee, the great Indian God, as a monument to clean fatherhood. The story goes that a young Indian chief was about to become a father. Following the Indian custom that the parents of a coming child must swim "until their flesh is so clear and clean that a wild animal cannot scent their proximity,"—he was engaged in this lustral office while his young wife, after first joining in it with him, had stolen off alone. As he swam the four men, giants in stature, who represent the Indian God, came paddling up the Narrows in a great canoe and ordered the young man out of their way. Undaunted, he defied them, declaring that the purity of his coming child must not be endangered, even for the command of the Great God Himself. He swam directly in their course, and they were astounded at his effrontery, while they admired his courage and the devotion that lay behind it. As they pondered what

it was best to do with the young rebel, the faint sound of a child's crying was borne to them out of the forest. Then one of them arose in the canoe. Stretching out his arms, not in punishment but in blessing, he decreed that because of his devotion to his son's future the young chief would not be punished but rather made immortal. The latter, too, had heard the cry of his son and swiftly swam ashore. When his feet touched the strand he was turned into the Rock as we see it now. His child-wife and the little child in the woods nearby are seen as two other rocks, a large and a small one; for they, too, were transformed to be near him in his everlasting vigil.

The Pulpit was not always as peaceful a spot as it appears today. Just behind it one may still see a square flooring of heavy timbers embedded in the ground, with, here and there, the heads of heavy spikes protruding. This formed the emplacement for the big guns which were mounted there during the Great War, when the menace of German cruisers in the Pacific gave food for anxious thought to those who had the protection of the Province in their care. Just behind is the dugout for the shelter of the gun crews.

The walk that the Preacher took "past the Children's Playground, past Second and Third Beaches" might well alone have driven away his mood of depression without the inspiring sight of the flock of

ducks upon the water. The Playground, just behind Second Beach, was made possible by the generous bequest of the late Mrs. Ceperley given to be expended for that purpose, and, with its crowds of happy youngsters, is a delight for the eyes to look upon. With its artistic pavilion, its wading pool, swings, trapezes and joy-wheels, it has been a source of healthfulness and glee since its inception.

Second and Third Beaches are the favourite picnic grounds of the Park. Here there are fine bathing facilities in the way of bathhouses, and there are also numerous stoves where the family kettle may be boiled. On Sunday mornings there are many who come here and, perhaps, like the preacher, find sermons in the beauties which Nature has here so lavishly bestowed.



THE PAULINE JOHNSON MONUMENT

STRANGER, reverently pause
By this monument of stone,
Carved with face of one who was
Well beloved and dearly known:
Here it was her wish to lie
When her day of life was o'er,
Where the waves make lullaby,
Plashing softly on the shore.

'Tis a fit memorial place—
Not for her the marble tomb,
But the forest's leafy space
And the heavens' starry room,
And the plaintive threnodies
Or the wild exultant song
Of the winds among the trees—
These, by right, to her belong.

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

Here in life she loved to rove,
Royal daughter of her race,
Priestess of the rock and grove,
Set a charm upon the place;
And the shades of men of old,
They who held these wide domains,
Born of legends she has told,
Haunt the leafy forest lanes.

In the witchery of night,
When the stars are in the sky
And the moon is shining bright,
If you have the seeing eye
And the spirit of a child,
Your may chance to mark them pass
Through the tangle of the wild,
Gliding softly o'er the grass.

On the water's silv'ry face
You may see, beneath the moon,
Paddling slow with rhythmic grace,
Far across the Lost Lagoon,
Dusky shapes in silhouette,
Redskin warriors long since dead—
Stranger, you may see them yet—
By the poet's fancy led!

i n STANLEY PARK

Rude the cairn that marks her dust,
Crude the profile carved thereon,
But rich pedestal and bust
By skilled sculptor rarely done
Were not fitter, nor would seem
To emblemize her poesie
Like that limpid, living stream
Down the rock's face rushing free.



THE PAULINE JOHNSON MONUMENT

E. PAULINE JOHNSON, whose Indian name was Tekahionwake, was the youngest child of G. H. M. Johnson, Head Chief of the Six Nations Indians, and his wife, Emily S. Howells. The latter was born in Bristol, England, of English parentage.

Chief Johnson was of the Mohawk tribe and was a direct descendant of one of the fifty noble families which composed the historic confederation founded by Hiawatha centuries before, known as the Brotherhood of the Five Nations. In reward for their loyalty to the British cause they were granted a rich concession by the waters of the Grand River, in the County of Brant, Ontario. At "Chiefswood," her father's home on this Reserve, Pauline Johnson was born.

As a child she was an avid reader and soon began to manifest marked literary talent. Her work as a poet quickly attracted attention and brought her into prominence. She had a magnetic personality and natural histrionic skill, so that when she began to recite her own poems on the platform she was received with enthusiasm.

The success of Miss Johnson's recitals in her own country opened up the way for a visit to England, where her poetic gifts and her charm soon won recognition. Here her first book of poems, "The White Wampum," was published by John Lane, of the Bodley Head, and was very favourably received. After a time the poetess returned to Canada and made her first transcontinental tour to the Pacific Coast, capturing the hearts of her audiences wherever she went. In 1903 she published her second book of poems, entitled "Canadian Born," which also had a satisfactory reception.

In 1906, our author made another visit to England and gave her initial recital at Steinway Hall, under the distinguished patronage of Lord and Lady Strathcona. It was on this visit that she first met Chief Joe Capilano, of Vancouver, when he went to London to be received at Buckingham Palace by their Majesties, King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. She was able to converse with him in the Chinook tongue, and, no doubt, the Chief, so far away from home and in the midst of such strange surroundings, was delighted to see one of his own race and to chat about his home in British Columbia with one who would understand. Thus she completely won his confidence, and this was the beginning of a friendship which was to be renewed and become lasting when the poetess came to reside

permanently on the Pacific Coast. From the old Chief she received the material for her Legends of Vancouver, which have spread the glamour of Indian romance over Stanley Park to its enrichment for all time.

Pauline Johnson was full of the spirit of adventure, and in the course of her work on the platform covered much rough country through North-western Canada in its pioneer stage. At one time she drove up the Cariboo Trail to the gold-fields. She delighted in traversing the wilds, and took long journeys by canoe through the wildest of country. The joy she found in these experiences is reflected in some of her delightful lyrics, such as "Shadow River" and "The Song My Paddle Sings," poems which reveal somewhat of the true kinship which she felt with the winds and the waters and the other elements of Nature.

Perhaps the strain of the hardships Miss Johnson endured in a pioneer country was too much for a constitution that was not rugged. Shortly after she made Vancouver her home her health broke down, and she died, after about a year of illness, on the 7th of March, 1913. In response to her own request, her body was cremated and the urn containing her ashes was buried within sight and sound of Siwash Rock. Walter MacRae, who had been her manager, read aloud her poem, "The Happy Hunting Grounds," on that occasion. The monument which marks the spot bears the

inscription, "Erected in 1922 by the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver, B.C. E. Pauline Johnson, 1861-1913." It takes the form of a cairn of great boulders. On the face of the largest of these, on the top, a bust and profile of the poetess has been carved, with, beneath it, her Indian name, Tekahionwake; on the north side the sculptor has shown a flint and arrow crossed, and on the south side there is an Indian canoe pushing its nose out of the rock. Water courses down the face of the monument to a trough hollowed out of the stone at the base.

In life Pauline Johnson, though poor in worldly goods, was rich in friendships. Warm-hearted, generous and splendidly loyal to her father's people, she possessed the best qualities of the two races from which she sprung. Her friend Theodore Watts Dunton, the great English critic, who had helped much in securing recognition for her work, says that "gratitude indeed was with her not a sentiment merely, as with most of us, but a veritable passion . . . On this account," he continues, "Pauline Johnson will always figure in my memory as one of the noblest minded of the human race." Another distinguished friend, Sir Gilbert Parker, has described the impression which she made upon him. He says, "I never saw Pauline Johnson in her own land, at her own hearthstone, but only in my house in London and at other houses in London, where

she brought a breath of the wild; not because she dressed in Indian costume, but because its atmosphere was round her. The feeling of the wild looked out of her eyes, stirred in her gesture, moved in her footstep. I am glad to have known this rare creature who had the courage to be glad of her origin, without defiance, but with an unchanging, if unspoken, insistence. Her native land and the Empire should be glad of her for what she was and for what she stood; her native land and the Empire should be glad of her for the work, interesting, vivid and human, which she has done."



THE SEVEN SISTERS

ONE evening, it was almost dark—
A summer evening, calm and still—
I wandered far into the Park,
Watching the shadows deepen till
I came upon a lovely grove
Of giant fir trees, towering high
To where their feathery foliage wove
A filigree against the sky.

“A beauteous evening, calm and free”—
My pocket Wordsworth in my hand—
I cast myself beneath a tree
And seemed at once in Fairyland!
So potent was the forest’s spell,
So sweet the air with breath of pine,
And all that richly-blended smell
Of berried bush and creeping vine.

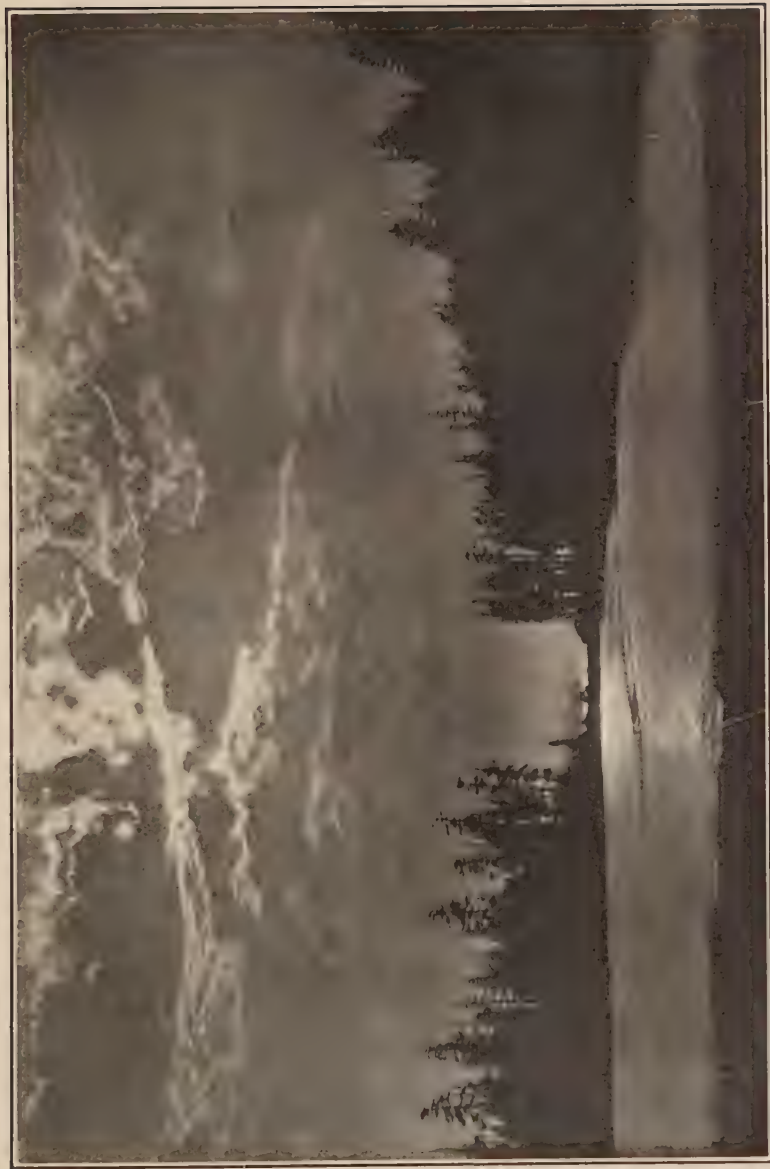
Within the hush of fading light
Faint, furtive rustlings caught my ear:
The chipmunks chirruping “Good-night!”
And sleepy birdnotes, I could hear;

And, now and then, the whirr of wings,
Or buzz of a belated bee.
Under the spell of all these things
A strange experience came to me!

The tree beside which I reclined
Seemed all at once to shrink, and shrink,
And take the form of humankind,
Almost ere one had time to think!
I stared and rubbed my eyes; amazed
I looked around, only to see
The other trees—was I gone crazed?—
Were altered to a like degree!

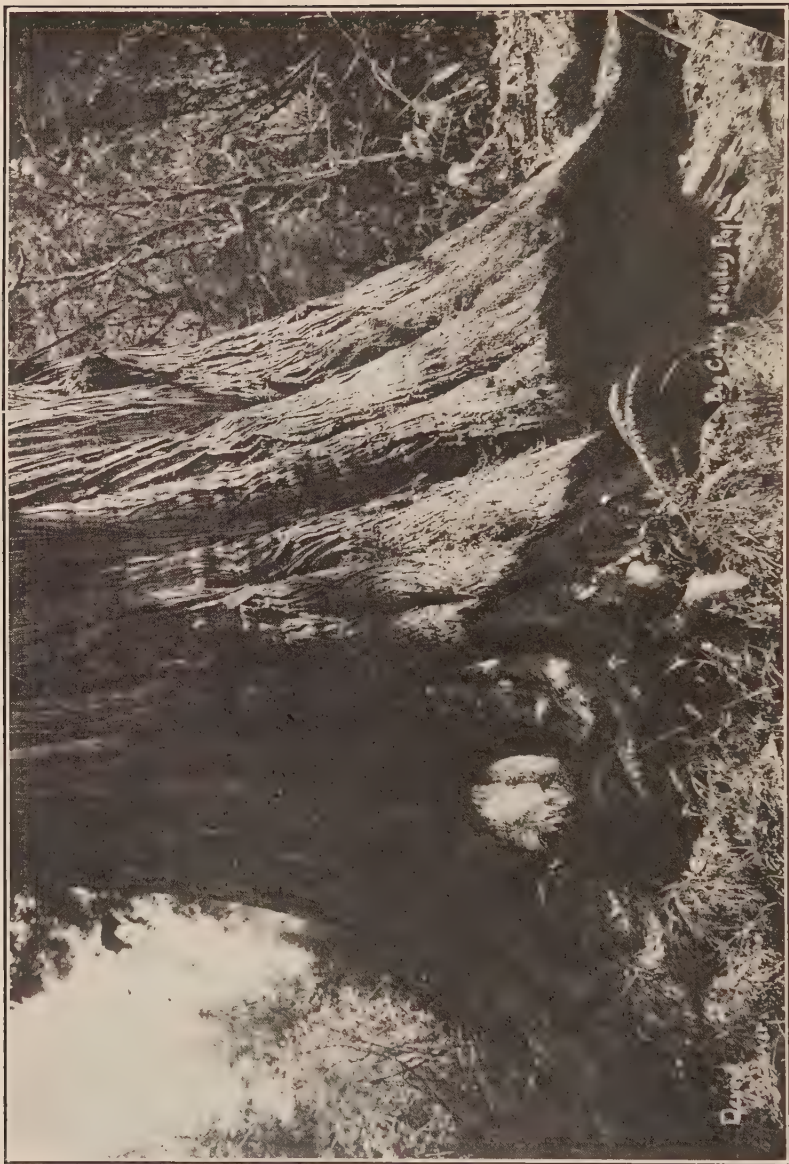
They stood around me tall and straight,
Their faces dignified and kind—
No traces here of lust or hate,
But graciousness and love. My mind
Recalled what Pauline Johnson tells
Of human beings placed as trees
To purge a spot from fatal spells—
Surely before me such were these!

Silent and swarthy they stood by,
And then the one, the nearest, spoke.
I felt no fear—his kindly eye
Constrained my trust, his words awoke



from the photograph by Leonard Frank.

"On the water's silvery face . . .
Far across the Lost Lagoon—
—The Pauline Johnson Monument.



"The tree beside which I reclined."

—The Seven Sisters.

This picture was taken by Mr. Devine over forty years ago before the road was made around the Park. It shows the base of the cedar, now but a hollow stump, that stands on the Driveway to the wonder of the tourist, before the forest fire consumed it.

from the photograph by Harry T. Devine.

Some chord familiar from the Past,
Of something I had heard or read
That in the memory seemed to last—
“Oh, Master! we are seven,” he said.

“We are the Seven the Gods here set
To purge the Park from deadly Lure.”
“You may be seven, sir, but yet
As to the number are you sure?”
Around the ring I counted slow—
“I make it really ten,” said I,
With pointing finger. “Oh, no, no,
We are but seven!” came back the cry.

And, on the word, their shapes grew dim
And seemed to swell before my eyes,
So, in a moment, tall and slim,
There were the trees of giant size!
The twilight now was darker grown;
I rose and stood upon my feet—
The place felt chill and dread and lone—
And straight I fled in panic fleet.

THE SEVEN SISTERS

THIS group of Douglas Firs is also known as the Cathedral Trees. In case the reader may be puzzled because of the masculine sex of the apparitions metamorphosed from the trees called the Seven Sisters, it should be explained that the gentleman who saw the vision or had the dream apparently had mixed up, all together in his subconscious mind, the Pauline Johnson legend, in which the trees do not necessarily represent females, the name that the trees go by, and the fact that there are not only seven in the group but a greater number. Also Wordsworth's poem, "We Are Seven," which he had probably been reading, as the book was in his hand, seemed to be in his thoughts. It is well known how dreams are apt to leap the bounds of logic.

There are now but few Douglas firs left in the Park, as they were practically all "logged" off in the early days when this peninsular piece of ground was as yet only an Admiralty Reserve. It is fortunate that this little group was spared, as it enables us to form an idea of what the original stand of timber must have been before the hand of man had depleted it.

Growing side by side with the Douglas firs are a number of fine cedars, offering a good opportunity to observe the different characteristics of the trunks. With the Douglas Fir, although on the young tree the bark is thin and smooth, when it grows old it becomes very thick and furrowed. It has the heaviest bark of any tree in Canada, and sometimes attains a thickness of ten or twelve inches. This makes excellent fuel, burning readily, but more slowly than the wood, and forms a useful protection to the tree against fire.

With the cedar, on the other hand, the bark is seldom over an inch thick, even on old trees. The surface is broken by shallow grooves into ridges or strips, which extend irregularly, but continuously, the length of the trunk. It is cinnamon-red in colour, with the outer surface a greyish-brown where it has been exposed to the weather. The inner bark is of a tough and fibrous nature and can readily be separated into long shreds. The Indians use it extensively for making baskets and matting.

The Douglas Fir derives its name from its discoverer, David Douglas, who first came across it when he was surveying in Oregon Territory for the Royal Horticultural Society of England, in the year, 1825. It is also known by the different names of British Columbia Fir, Red Fir, Yellow Fir, Douglas Spruce, Oregon Pine and Oregon Spruce. It is a western tree,

and in Canada ranges from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta through to the coast in British Columbia.

The Douglas Fir is one of Canada's most valuable woods and is second only to spruce in the quantity of lumber cut. It is estimated that 750,000,000 feet board measure is being cut every year. A recent survey of the forests of British Columbia showed a total stand of approximately 76,000,000,000 feet board measure of Douglas fir, and 80 per cent. of this is situate on Vancouver Island and the adjacent mainland.

The wood is one of the heaviest and strongest of the native woods. Moreover, the tree produces the largest structural timber growing in Canada; indeed, with the exception of the California Redwood, it is the largest tree on the Continent, growing frequently to a height of 200 feet, with a diameter of trunk exceeding six feet. Those in the Seven Sister group are over 250 feet in height. Thus the wood is very extensively used in heavy construction work, such as bridge-building, wharf construction and other marine operations. It is practically impervious to water, and this property makes it suitable for use in wooden conduits and water-tanks.

But it is not only for the heavier class of construction that the wood of the Douglas fir is valuable, as it has an exceedingly pleasing surface grain when cut



from the photograph by Leonard Frank.

"I came upon a lovely grove
Of giant fir trees towering high."
—The Seven Sisters.



from the photograph by Leonard Frank.

"There is a little, lone lake, O so still!
Where the wild duck and heron sport at will."
—Beaver Lake.

at a certain angle to the log. This makes it eminently suitable for mouldings and interior work in houses. It is claimed that it cuts a larger percentage of clear timber than any other coniferous wood. In age it has been known to have reached 700 years, but as a rule it does not live longer than four hundred.

The Western Cedar, which is also well represented in Stanley Park, is slower in both height and diameter growth than the Douglas Fir, but it also attains to a great height and circumference. Probably the best specimen of this tree in the Park is situate on Tatlow Walk, just a short distance from the main driveway. It has a circumference of 46 feet at a height of six feet from the ground.

The cedar is a very long-lived tree and is reported in one case to have reached the age of 1,000 years. It commonly attains to a height of 150 to 175 feet, with a trunk diameter of four to eight feet or more. The trunk is much tapered, and the base is usually flared out considerably. In Canada this tree is confined to British Columbia and is found on the Pacific Coast as far north as Alaska.

The foliage is of a yellowish-green colour, which makes it stand out in contrast to the darker hues of the other trees with which it associates. The wood is of straight and even grain, and is very light and durable, as well as free from pitch. It is particularly valuable

for use in situations where it is exposed to the weather or is in contact with the soil, because of its great resistance to decay. The evenness of the grain makes it very easy to split, and in addition to its value for making shingles, of which in 1924 two and a half million were cut in Canada from this tree, it is of the greatest benefit to the struggling settler, who splits it with ease into shakes for his roofs, boards for his barns, and posts for his fences.

Associated with the cedar and the Douglas Fir in the Park are the Sitka Spruce and the Western Hemlock, both beautiful and valuable trees.



BEAVER LAKE

GIRDLED by pines, deep in the forest set,
There is a little, lone lake, O so still!
Where the wild duck and heron sport at will
Safe from the hunter. When I would forget
The city's hubbub, all its strain and fret,
Here, too, I find a refuge. Fears of ill
Vanish away, its poignant beauties fill
My soul with peace and banish vain regret.

Fate's blows and buffetings, the fevered strife
For pelf and power, shrink in my mind's esteem
At the serenity of Nature's face:
The brown, reed-haunted waters and the grace
Of bosky banks and firs encircling seem
To charm me back to harmony with life.

BEAVER LAKE

THE colony of beaver from which Beaver Lake takes its name were not indigenous to the Park; the animals were brought there by the Commissioners in the early days of its history. They remained there for several years, but gradually their numbers grew less until they disappeared altogether.

These animals had all the industry and engineering skill for which the beaver is famed and their perseverance was remarkable. The Lake receives the overflow from the reservoir at its western extremity, and the outflow is through the ravine on the north-east. Invariably the indefatigable beasts would dam up the latter, so that it was necessary for a man to go every day or two with a pitchfork to dislodge the logs which had been patiently built up across the opening. Then the Superintendent, hoping to circumvent them, put in a sewer pipe, but still, nothing daunted, they applied their brains to this new problem and dammed the sewer up as well.

According to one who used to visit the Lake regularly when the colony was there, and who carefully observed the habits of its denizens, the operations were

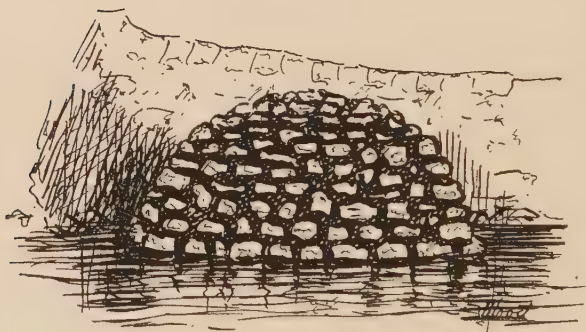
carried on in no haphazard way, but rather with the most thorough organization. The place would be empty and not a beaver around, and then suddenly one would appear upon the scene alone. This was evidently the master engineer, and, for a little, he would be busy making his observations and conning his plans for the day. Then suddenly he would rap mightily on the water with his flat tail. This was evidently the signal for beginning work, as almost immediately the place was swarming with the animals. Then the master moved energetically among them, seeming to be giving orders, dispatching one here and one there, until he had them all busily engaged.

In connection with the Park menagerie, a pair of beavers were kept in a captive state just by the rustic stone bridge to the north of the driveway, where a lodge corresponding to those built by the beavers themselves was constructed by the Park engineer. In the case of this one, however, the mound is round instead of oblong, and on the top the earth of which it is composed is reinforced with stone. As with the natural lodge, this one has the hole in the top into which the beaver dives, if an enemy appears, and also the outlets in the sides below the surface which provide access directly into the water.

When the first beaver was there, there was a sign up, "The beaver will be out at four o'clock," and, sure

enough, every day at the exact minute out would come Mr. Beaver, just as if he had had a watch. He was fed at that time and he believed in being punctual at mealtimes.

The choice of the beaver as Canada's national animal was a happy one, as it is one of the most interesting of our fauna and the most industrious. Perhaps it may again be introduced into the Park in its wild state.



THE BEAVER CREEK TRAIL

WHERE the steps cross the tree
On the Beaver Creek trail—
(There was no one to see)—
Where the steps cross the tree
My love plighted with me
As we leaned on the rail
Where the steps cross the tree
On the Beaver Creek Trail.



THE BEAVER CREEK TRAIL

THE Beaver Creek Trail follows the stream made by the overflow from the Reservoir that runs down into Beaver Lake. It was built in 1925 and is one of the most distinctive of all the trails in the Park. Here to the best advantage one may study the forest's "little ways". As the path winds in and out, ever climbing, following the windings of the stream—which for a space is curbed to a docile tameness by timber cribbing, but soon is left more untrammelled—the eye is delighted by a changing succession of woodland scenes. The delicate trunks and the lighter greens of the vine maples, in the spring and summer, stand out with a striking clarity against the huge pillared forms and the darker-hued canopies of cedar and pine; in the Autumn the contrast is even greater, for then the light greens have changed to brilliant blazonings of crimson and gold.

At one part a giant of the forest lies across the path; and one mounts on steps and walks along between rustic railings to a descent again by steps farther along. A similar natural bridge, but not so huge, crosses the stream higher up.



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"Where the steps cross the tree
On the Beaver Creek Trail—"

—The Beaver Creek Trail.



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"Through the ferns' lacy screen
Fairies flit in the gloaming,"
—The Ravine.

As one proceeds on every hand there is strikingly demonstrated Nature's wonderful faculty of renaissance, the new life growing out of decay and death. From the trunks of fallen trees one sees the tender saplings springing, often striding the dead monarch out of which they grow and pushing down their pliant roots to suck sustenance for greater bourgeoning from the ground below. Perhaps the most wonderful example of this to be seen in the Park is a fallen tree, beyond the end of the trail and near the Reservoir, on the trunk of which can be counted, if one has the patience, from three hundred and seventy-five to four hundred rings. This tree has bark of about six inches thick, out of which can be seen growing, all in the same trunk, young spruce, cedar, hemlock and fir trees as well as huckleberries. To the nature-lover truly it presents a sight of surpassing interest and curiosity.

THE RAVINE

THROUGH the ferns' lacy screen
Fairies flit in the gloaming
Adown the Ravine;
Through the ferns' lacy screen,
In the silvery sheen
Of the white waters' foaming—
Through the ferns' lacy screen
Fairies flit in the gloaming.



THE RAVINE

THERE are many ravines in the Park, but that to which this name has been given is a very small one. It forms the course through which the overflow from Beaver Lake flows down northward into the sea. With the greatest of skill and care a pathway has been made by the side of the stream, crossing and recrossing it and finally emerging, under the large bridge of the main driveway, on to the beach. Nature and art have combined to produce a series of enchanting pictures of the stream in its woodland setting. Here it frets around huge mossy boulders, there it dallies in deep pools fringed with luxuriant ferns and carpeted underneath with the greenest of water grasses, or again it sweeps in miniature Niagara down smoothly-cut channels below bridges of fallen trees.

When one has followed its course to the beach there is good opportunity to see in the side of the embankment of the driveway traces of the ancient midden or shell heap accumulated by the Indians through centuries past. Here on the shore down through the ages these clam-shells have been deposited, layer on layer, and no one can say from how far back. They are to

be found under the roots of trees with over three hundred rings in their trunks. In the early days of the Park the driveways were paved with these shells, which provided an excellent smooth surface.

Countless, indeed, must have been the potlatches and merry-makings, aye, and the tribal forays and alarms, that took place around this shore. On the bank above the beach it was the custom to dispose of the dead by placing the departed warrior in his dugout in the branches of the trees, with his cherished possessions beside him.





from the photograph by Leonard Frank.

"The lantern's light
Pillared on high—"
—The Japanese War Memorial.



"the ponds with the waterfowl:
The swans, white-plumed with bills of yellow."
—The Duck Ponds.

from the photograph by The Cowen Sutton Company Ltd.

THE BRIDLE TRAIL

DOWN the bridle trail you may see them pass
at will
In the dewy mornings, or the evenings still,
Fair or cloudy weather, gallant and carefree,
Winsome lads and lasses, riding knee to knee.

Boot and saddle, to horse and away!
Here are happy cavalcades, colourful and gay;
Leather a-creaking and clink of bridle-chain,
Begone with melancholy, the world is young again!

See the youthful riders, lithe and debonair,
Wanton winds of morning sporting in their hair,
The lilt of their laughter trilling through the trees,
The music of their voices burdened on the breeze.

See their eager chargers chafing at the reins,
A blaze of blended colour down the leafy lanes—
Red roan and pinto, buckskin and bright bay,
Black and brown and chestnut set off with dapple grey.

BY SHORE *and* TRAIL

Hear the music of their hoofs, listen to them neigh
Their pleasure in the freshness and the fragrance of
the day!

Feel the easy gait of them moving as on springs—
These the steeds for heroes, this the sport for kings!

In wintertime or summer you may see them pass at
will,

Trotting through the hollows or loping up the hill,
Aglow with all the glamour that only youth can know,
Down the bridle trail you may mark the riders go.



THE JAPANESE WAR MEMORIAL

THE lantern's light,
Pillared on high,
And shining bright
Shall typify
Eternal fame,
Remembrance dear,
For every name
That's graven here!



THE JAPANESE WAR MEMORIAL

ON 9th April, 1920, on the rising ground south of the Bowie Arch, a memorial monument was unveiled, erected by the Canadian Japanese Association in memory of 54 Japanese of Vancouver, who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War. The Memorial consists of a white Haddington Island stone column, supporting a lantern of white marble surmounted by a terra cotta roof—the whole thirty-four feet high. The lantern typifies eternal remembrance. The base is a twelve-sided polygon of chiselled granite. Each of the twelve sections represents a month of the year, which is inscribed on the slope of the granite towards the pedestal. Under the name of each month is recorded in leaded characters the dates and the names of battles, fought in that month and taken part in by those to whom the monument is dedicated. The pedestal is square and ornamented and carries two bronze tablets, one bearing the names of those who fell and the other of those who fought but were able to return home. The monument, which was designed by Mr. James A. Benzie, architect, of Vancouver, is chaste and effective in the extreme and harmonises pleasingly with its beautiful surroundings.

THE DUCK PONDS

I LOVE the ponds with the waterfowl:
The swans, white-plumed, with bills of yellow
Or black, with beaks of scarlet,
Gliding along so stately and grand;
And the ducks, quicker of movement,
Vulgar and voluble by contrast,
With wings of wondrous iridescence:
Only to watch their radiant happiness
In the sunshine of a summer morning,
And the sparkle of the playing fountain
Amid the shadows of leafy verdure,
Is to be transported, as was the Psalmist,
And chant internally a glad *Te Deum*
To the Creator who fashioned them.

THE HARDING MEMORIAL

AWAY in the City of Washington, high on the
walls of the Capitol,
There hangs a picture today—a painting that
carries a portent—
Presented from our land to theirs, a gift from Vancou-
ver people,
Limned by Canadian artist to mark an occasion his-
toric.

Blue were the skies of Vancouver that morning when
President Harding
Set foot on our friendly soil—the President precedent
breaking—
For he was the first of his line to make such a visit
official:
Twenty-one guns, his salute, loud bellowed their royal
welcome.

Balmy and bright was the day as the populace gathered
to greet him,
Lining the streets in their crowds as for a prince or a
monarch,

i n STANLEY PARK

Cheering and waving their hands, men and women and children,

As he passed on his way to the Park down the route of his stately procession.

What were the words he spoke? what was the heart of his message,

There on the hill by the sea with the mighty cedars around him,

And the people in throngs on the grass, listening breathless and eager?

'Twas a message of hope and cheer that was worthy to write in our annals.

A message of peace and goodwill! Did it pass with the life of the speaker?

For alas! in a brief seven days he died in the flush of his promise,

And our hearts were with sorrow opprest, with the gloom of his tragical ending.

Almost the air was still charged with the multitude's clamorous plaudits.

No! for the message he brought will bear fruit in the life of the nations.

Here, see it graven in stone to form an enduring memento

And there, in the Washington Capitol, the picture of
President Harding,
As he gave his historic address, is hung for a lasting
reminder.

May it speak to that mighty Assembly, may its accents,
vibrant and haunting,
Pass to the peoples beyond and lend power to the
League of the Nations,—
That hope of a suffering world, the bright chance for
our children to follow,
That the weapons of war be no more, and Brotherhood
reign universal!

THE HARDING MEMORIAL

IN July, 1923, President Harding made a trip to Alaska and an invitation was extended to him by His Honor W. C. Nichol, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and also by the civic authorities, to visit Vancouver on his return journey. The invitation was accepted, and was hailed with all the more enthusiasm by the people when it was known that this was the first time that a President of the United States had ever visited Canada. A tremendous crowd, estimated at 40,000 people, turned out to see him and to hear his address given from the Bandstand in Stanley Park. The keynote of his message was that of the friendship felt by the United States for Canada and the splendid traditions of peace and goodwill existing between the two countries. He concluded with the following words:

“Our very propinquity enjoins the most effective co-operation, which comes only from clasping hands in true faith and good-fellowship. It is in that spirit that I have stopped on my way home from a visit to our pioneers in Alaska to make a passing call on my very good neighbour of the fascinating Iroquois name,

Kanada, to whom, glorious in her youth and strength and beauty, on behalf of my own beloved country, I stretch forth my arms in fraternal greeting, with gratefulness for your splendid welcome in my heart, and from my lips the whispered prayer of our famed Rip Van Winkle, 'May you all live long and prosper.' "

President Harding visited Vancouver on the 26th of July, 1923, leaving on the *Henderson* the same night. To the sorrow and dismay of all, he died in San Francisco on the 2nd of August following.

On 16th September, 1925, the Harding Memorial was erected in memory of the occasion by the Kiwanis Clubs of the United States and Canada, and was formally dedicated by the Kiwanis International President, John H. Moss. It was designed by Charles Marega, a Vancouver sculptor.

It stands below the Pavilion, with grassy lawns and the lily pool in front, and against a beautiful background of trees. It is based on a foundation of granite, and a series of steps leads from the south to a piazzetta or floored space bounded by semi-circular seats of granite. Fronting this approach is an altar-like parallelopiped of granite, on the right and left of which stand simply draped female figures of heroic size, one representing Canada, the other the United States. Their right and left hands, respectively, meet at an olive wreath which lies on the intervening granite

block, on the front of which is a fine profile in bold relief of the late President, and the simple inscription, "Harding". The other hands of the figures hold shields with modelling of the American and Canadian flags, and the inscriptions tell of the event commemorated. At the rear of the monument, and at a lower level, is a colossal lion's head, from the mouth of which a stream flows to a semi-circular basin beneath. There is also a semi-circular shallow pool in the piazetta.

The picture referred to in the poem is that of the President addressing the people from the Pavilion in the Park, and is a spirited likeness, framed pleasingly against the green setting of the trees. It was painted by John Innes, of Vancouver, under commission from the Vancouver *Sun*, which newspaper presented it to the United States Government to be hung in the Capitol. This was done with appropriate ceremony before a large and distinguished gathering.

THE SUNKEN GARDEN

WHERE quaint the Sunken Garden lies
Below the Harding Monument,
Old-fashioned flowers enchant the eyes,
By rough stone borders richly pent.

From childhood favourites sweetly rise,
To charm you, many a subtle scent
Where quaint the Sunken Garden lies
Below the Harding Monument.

With hovering wing unwearied flies
The humming-bird on business bent
And rustic bower a seat supplies—
Rose-arboured haven of content—
Where quaint the Sunken Garden lies
Below the Harding Monument.



THE SUNKEN GARDEN

THE Sunken Garden and the Rockery on the bank above the road leading to the Pavilion are in their greatest glory in the Spring. Here there is a wonderful variety of rock plants. Skippers on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamers have taken a pride in collecting rare specimens for the Park and so it has been enriched over a period of years and the Rockeries have become one of its most beautiful and distinctive features.

The Gardens proper lie to the West of the main entrance and cover an area of six acres. These present a blaze of brilliantly blended colour in the summer-time. The rosebeds are especially fine, there being over three thousand trees and five hundred different varieties. The General McArthur has been chosen for the Vancouver rose and the Kiwanis Club planted a special section for those on the north side.

Some years ago a beginning was made towards founding a Shakespeare Garden, and seed of lilacs, Canterbury bells and other Shakesperian plants were brought from Anne Hathaway's Cottage to be planted here. Unfortunately, the initial effort has not been

well followed up but the Vancouver Shakespeare Society has the matter in hand again and it is hoped that ere long the Park will be graced with a Shakespeare Garden, which will be a delight to lovers of the poet and a fragrant and perennial tribute to his memory.

The Park Gardens have utilitarian purposes outside their own domains as it is from them all the municipal parks and gardens are maintained and supplied. The hothouses are mostly used for this purpose and some eighty thousand bedding plants are raised and set out in the course of the year. With the recent augmentation of the City's area, this number will now have to be much increased. A nursery plantation supplies shade and ornamental trees for the City boulevards. The favoured varieties are silver birch, elm, lime, catalpas, Spanish and horse chestnuts and King Edward oak.



THE COUGAR

IN the Pavilion there, for all to see,
Above the mantel, in a case of glass,
The cougar stands. How did it come to pass
A fate like this should fall to such as she,
Who once the forest ranged fearless and free,
A stealthy huntress, lithe and swift? Alas!
Her roving temper moved her to harass
The Park preserves—such fools may felines be!
Swiftly she swam the Narrows, softly crept
Across the beach, the road, through brush, o'er logs,
To the deer paddock, made her killing there.
Each night she found her prey; by day she kept
Her hiding, but not long—for men with dogs,
Skilled Nimrods, came and tracked her to her lair.

THE COUGAR

THE story of the cougar is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the Park. One can imagine the consternation of the Superintendent and the staff when, on a morning in October of the year 1913, one of the herd of six deer which were the pride of the Park's menagerie was missing from its fellows and its mangled remains were found partly devoured, not far away from the paddock in the underbrush. Cougar tracks were plainly to be seen in soft places on the ground. It was evident that the beast had dragged its prey along a huge fallen tree to where it could make its meal in peace.

Such a thing was unknown in the annals of the Park. At once all the available staff were out on the hunt to try to find the marauder, but it was a difficult task. A thousand acres is a big tract to hide in, especially when one considers the thickness of the tangled brush and the huge, fallen trees and giant stumps that are so numerous in the unfrequented parts. All that day there was no success to the seekers, and on the following morning the cougar, which evidently liked a varied diet, had carried off one of the Angora goats.



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"Here, see it graven in stone to form an enduring memento,"
— The Harding Memorial.



"Where quaint the Sunken Garden lies
Below the Harding Monument."

from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

Night after night the tale of victims mounted until three of the deer and three goats had fallen victims to the animal's rapacity. Meantime the whole town was agog with excitement and alarm, and the Park Superintendent had sent out appeals to big-game hunters to come to the rescue. It soon appeared that the ordinary man with a gun was helpless to find the beast, for the cougar is known to be as cunning and wily as it is cruel. However, help was at hand.

Down from Cloverdale came George Shannon, Henry Hornby and Max Michaud, men to whom the hunting of bear and cougar and other denizens of the forest was a familiar thing and as the breath of their nostrils. With them they brought their three hunting dogs,—Sport, a veteran of nine years, and Mike and Speed—all of foxhound breed mingled with a strain of the bloodhound.

Late in the evening, with Mr. Hugh Savage, who later wrote the account of the night's adventure, they started on their quest, slipping the leashes at the far corner of the elk paddock, leaving Michaud, however, to patrol the trail leading to the house at the pipeline road. It was important to see that the cougar should not escape the way she had come by swimming the Narrows, so the boat belonging to the lightkeeper at Brockton Point was commandeered by Michaud in case it might be necessary to pursue the animal by water.

On their release the dogs rushed eagerly off into the timber, followed at a slower pace by the hunters. After some time, however, a dissatisfied yelp heard in the far distance caused Shannon to say: "That's Sport. The scent is cold, and the young dogs took the old dog along it when we started. He's going back on his own now." Some time later a probable coon in a big cedar tree brought some excitement and a chorus of barking. The going was heavy and difficult. The forest with its thick gloom was eerie and mysterious. Its hush was broken by the crackling of twigs underfoot, and occasionally the shrill screech of an owl or the sound of a steamer's foghorn from the Inlet. It seemed strange to be hunting a savage animal within a mile or so of a large city. Painfully the hunters struggled through the bush only, at 1.45 a.m., to emerge on the road near Coal Harbour without having seen a sign of the quarry.

They went back to the scene of the tragedies, taking with them the dogs to inspect the carcase of the last deer slain. Then they plunged again into the forest to make a wide detour, which finally brought them within sight of the football grounds at 2.45. To the left of the walk leading from the Rowing Club, past the ponds where the ducks and the swans live, they proceeded in a circle, spreading out as they went, and met again at the pipeline road. Here, with a blast or two on the cowhorns which Hornby and Shannon carried,

they called in the dogs. The two young ones arrived first, and then, later, old Sport, with his tongue out and panting hard with the labour of the chase.

From here, after a few minutes for rest and conference, they pushed on up towards where workmen had been making a pond to receive the overflow from the Reservoir. It was tough going, and only those who have travelled through British Columbia timberland in the night-time can understand the laboriousness and the difficulty of it. Huge fallen trunks of trees form bridges that stretch many feet above the ground and sometimes make a passage along the top of the thicket helpful to the traveller. At times, however, they have to be climbed and crossed, and a false footing may easily enough mean a broken leg or neck to the unwary. In the dark, too, many are the sharp snags that seem to reach out with a perversity diabolical and malignant, to snatch at or trip up the hunter as he passes by.

At last, about four o'clock, the hounds gave tongue, and Hornby, following close on them, was able to see a dark body that had climbed about fifteen feet up a spruce tree. Quick as a flash of lightning, it jumped to the ground. The dogs were ready waiting. It ran two hundred feet with them hanging to it, and then dashed up a hemlock and stood there on a limb forty feet above the ground, glaring defiance at them. Then Shannon got it with a shot, and hit it again in midair

as it fell. Two more shots took effect as it writhed on the ground, and by this time old Sport had seized it by the throat with the other two dogs close after him. The cougar got Speed between its two paws and, besides clawing him badly, took a bite out of his nose before the shots took full effect. A horse and cart was obtained and the body taken back in triumph. The animal measured 88 inches from tip to tip and weighed 137 pounds. It turned out to be a female.

It was learned later how the cougar came to get into the Park. Near the mouth of the Capilano, on the other side of the Narrows, there lived a Scotsman who kept a large pack of dogs of all breeds. This man saw the cougar take to the sea near his place after a deer. Now, the deer is a waterwise animal and seems by natural instinct to understand the set of tides and currents, which the cougar does not. The deer in this case kept swimming westward, but the cougar was caught in an eddy of the flood-tide and swept up the Narrows. The dogs on the shore, as well as their master, had also seen the beast, and, full pack, took to the water after her. Seeing her return to the north shore thus cut off, she turned and made for the south shore.

The same morning a gentleman walking in the Park encountered three ladies, near the Bowie Arch, running along the road in a state of alarm bordering on terror. On his enquiring the cause they told him they



from the photograph by The Gowen Sutton Company Ltd.

"In the Pavilion there, for all to see."

—The Cotgar.



from the photograph by the Dominion Photo Company.

"Big and boisterous, happy-go-lucky."

—The Bears.

i n STANLEY PARK

had seen a bear swimming towards them to the shore. The so-called bear was the cougar.

And now, looking savage and cruel just as she was in life, the animal is to be seen stuffed, in a case above the mantelpiece, in the Park Pavilion. Thus were the deer avenged.



THE CHECKER-BOARD

HERE are no noisy fans who clap their hands
And shout, or blow on raucous horns of tin,
To celebrate some clever piece of play.
No, this, a game of skill, takes brains, not brawn,
And those who watch the struggle gaze in silence
And mark each move with keenest concentration,
Although their several visages betray
No sign of animation; rather, rapt,
Like seers of old, assume a vacant stare.
The contestants themselves likewise put on
An air of calm indifference, and each
But hardly seems to see the other's play—
Just sits with pipe in mouth and eyes downcast
As if in meditative thought upon
The morning's sermon. One an iron hook
Uses to move the pieces when he plays;
The other careless kicks with listless foot
His man from square to square, and neither speaks,
Save p'raps a word or two in undertone.
Then, when the game is over, all get up
And with a deep solemnity depart.

THE CHECKER-BOARD

IN the poem reference is made to "the morning's sermon," and this is quite appropriate, as checkers is the only one of the games provided for in the Park which may be played on Sundays. Every year, almost, attempts are made by the tennis players to get the ban lifted as regards the tennis courts, but without avail. The Commissioners have remained firm. With respect to games the Sabbath in the Park, with this one exception, must be kept sacred. In letters to the newspapers indignant correspondents have called attention to the inconsistency of the Board's position in permitting the one and not the others. Perhaps, like the Scottish elders in the story who decided that their minister's 'cello was a "releegious fiddle," and not an ordinary one, the Commissioners feel that draughts is a religious game. At any rate, on fine Sunday afternoons the checker players are to be seen engaged with all solemnity and decorum as described in the poem and surrounded by their equally solemn and decorous onlookers. There is no doubt that the board in the Park is a distinct acquisition and has done much to stimulate interest in the fine old game in Vancouver.

THE BEARS

COMICAL beasts, the bears are,
Big and boisterous, happy-go-lucky,
In their iron-barred enclosure.
Lithe, loose-jointed and terribly strong,
All day long of a Sunday
They sit on their haunches
And gape for peanuts and candies,
Or catch them in their capacious laps
Without sense of incongruity.
Or they loll about in their cages
And indulge in an occasional family spat.
Sometimes they put on an air of boredom.
Do you think they pine for the woods
And the freedom enjoyed by their forebears
And the pleasant forest smells
That rise when the rain falls?
Comical beasts, the bears are,
Peering out from behind the bars.
But, perhaps, like many a human being,
They make the best of a bad business
And mask despair with a deprecatory grin.

THE BEARS

AT THE present writing there are six bears in the Zoo, three Brown Siberian, two black bears, two cinnamon, and a grizzly. Trotsky, the one shown in the cut, is the largest Brown Siberian bear in captivity. He is a very good-natured animal, and is a great favourite with the children. When he holds reception, squatting back on his haunches and spreading his hind feet out on either side, the enormous lap presented is almost as large as the side of a house, so that the smallest juvenile peanut thrower cannot possibly miss. There the old bear sits, grinning benignly, and, with movements swift as lightning, either catches the nuts in his mouth or picks them off his stomach as they fall.

The two black bears, Toughy and Teddy, are now but half grown, and are very different in temperament; the former is uncertain and quarrelsome in temper, while the latter is most equable and friendly of disposition and will wrestle with his keeper with the utmost of good-nature. No familiarities of this kind are indulged in with the grizzly.

The bears are fed principally on biscuits, with an

occasional mess of meat for a treat. They are very fond of sweets and will do anything for them. When Lady Byng, who is very fond of animals, was here, she fed them with honey to their great satisfaction. All the animals, with the exception of the otter, are fed for six days of the week and allowed to fast on the seventh. It is found that this tends to keep them in sound health. The otter, however, has his fish daily.

It was a great grief to everybody when the Polar bear, which was given to the Park in 1921, was found dead in his pool one morning, having succumbed apparently in a fit. It had been captured on the ice as a cub by the crew of the *Lady Kindersley*, the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, and was presented to the Park. Coming down on the boat it somehow or other got some crude oil on its fur, which took some time to get off. The cub when placed in the cage seemed to feel keenly the disgrace of its unsightly coat, and refused to turn its face to the people at all. However, when this gradually came off, leaving its coat a pure white, it was a beautiful animal, and in time it grew large and powerful. It was rather pathetic to see it so solitary there in its enclosure, where it would occasionally amuse itself playing with a large wooden ball.

However, in the Spring of 1924, the bear made a human friend in the person of Mr. F. W. Hunter. Mr. Hunter, who is very fond of animals, happened to be

down looking at it, and he put his stick through the bars of the cage. The bear, quick as lightning, seized it and pulled it through. Then, apparently realizing that what he had done was not in the best of manners, he handed it back between the bars again. Through this little interchange there developed a strange friendship, which was only broken by the tragic death of the bear the year before last. The beast would run to the side of the enclosure immediately when Mr. Hunter appeared, and evince the liveliest demonstrations of pleasure. He would allow himself to be stroked, and seemed to have a sense of humour, for he would play with Mr. Hunter's foot through the bars, patting it with his huge paws. Always, however, he seemed to take great care not to hurt him. The man would spend hours at a time with the bear, and would sometimes take friends of his to be introduced. The animal seemed to understand, and would be friendly with these and allow them to stroke him. This strange intimacy was the more extraordinary in that the polar bear does not readily become tame.

Friday, the otter, is one of the most interesting animals in the Zoo, and is probably the only one of its kind in captivity on this Continent. It was presented to the Park by a prospector, who brought it there, leading it along like a dog with collar and chain. This gentleman and his son were prospecting in the Yukon

when one night they were startled by a sound that seemed like the whimpering of a child. On investigation they found a baby otter which seemed to have lost its mother. They took it to their camp and fed it on canned milk, and it soon seemed to make itself quite at home, trotting about after them like a little dog. They christened it "Friday" because for it every day was fish day.

Friday is very full of life and energy, and as it dashes round and round the little pool of running water in its cage, not content with straight swimming, it performs the most extraordinary evolutions with its body. It will run at the attendant's voice just like a dog, but has very sharp teeth, and is not averse to use them on other than the fish which is its daily diet.

The monkeys, which occupy the same house as the birds, are a lively crew and, on the whole, keep excellent health. In the ponds are pelican and black and white swans and ducks. These graceful waterfowl in their beautiful surroundings add much in picturesqueness to the Park. Here the head-keeper, however, has to cope with the predatory animals, such as mink and raccoon, for which he has to be ever on the watch. One night he shot five of the latter in the Park in one tree.

Several different kind of pheasants, fantail pigeons and specimens of the horned owl, white owl and barn owl are kept in houses to the south of the duckponds,



from the photograph by Leonard Frank.

"Moonbeams weave
A silver streamer o'er its surface wide."
—English Bay by Moonlight.

and these enclosures are wired carefully below ground as well as above it to keep out the rats that would otherwise play havoc.

The buffalo and the kangaroo, as stated before, "live side by side in the Park" on the main driveway and opposite the Yacht Club quarters, and there are elk, or wapiti, there as well. In the rutting season these latter become most nervous and irritable, "bugling" with the strident call which they make. At this period they would be dangerous. They are different in temperament from the moose, which is liable then to lose its spirit and go into a decline.

The Coast deer are kept in an enclosure north of the duckponds, and here, too, are a number of white Angora goats. There were originally some mountain sheep, but these died off after two years, which is longer than they usually last in captivity.

On the whole the animals in the Zoo seem to be a fairly happy family, and they apparently find their lot a pleasant one.



ENGLISH BAY BY MOONLIGHT

TIS pleasant on a clear and frosty eve
To leave the city's clamour, and to ride
Out through the Park along the water's side
By English Bay; to watch its bosom heave
Under the chiding winds, while moonbeams weave
A silver streamer o'er its surface wide,
Tapering down to where the restless tide
Rolls up the sands. One might almost believe
The giant cedars, towering 'gainst the sky
In silhouette, to be the arches tall
Of some cathedral dim from ages past;
And breezes chill that through their branches sigh,
Like choral music, seem to rise and fall,
Haunting and sad, through its recesses vast.



